THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI
No. 1774

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 20
1934

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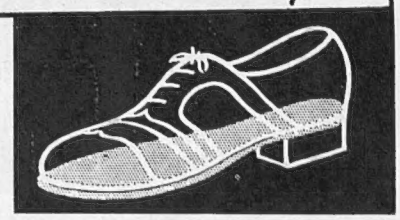

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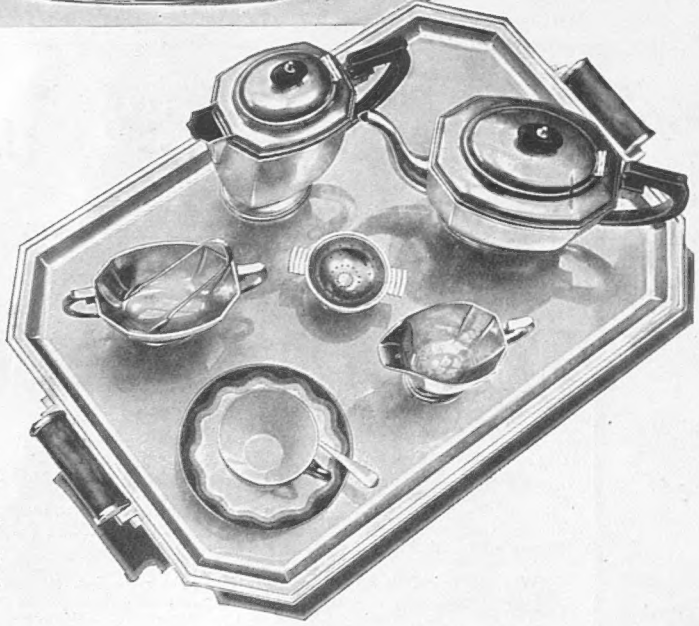

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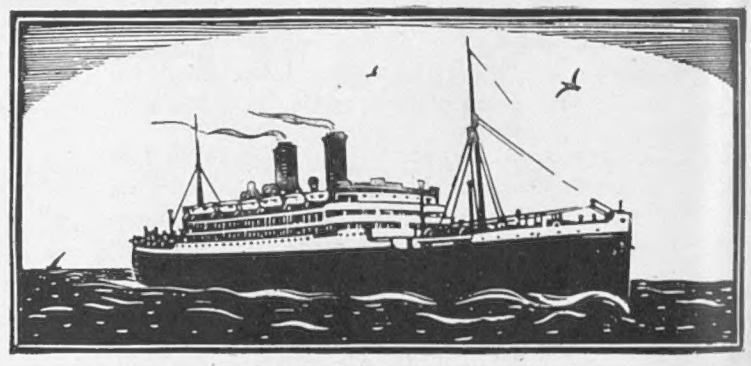

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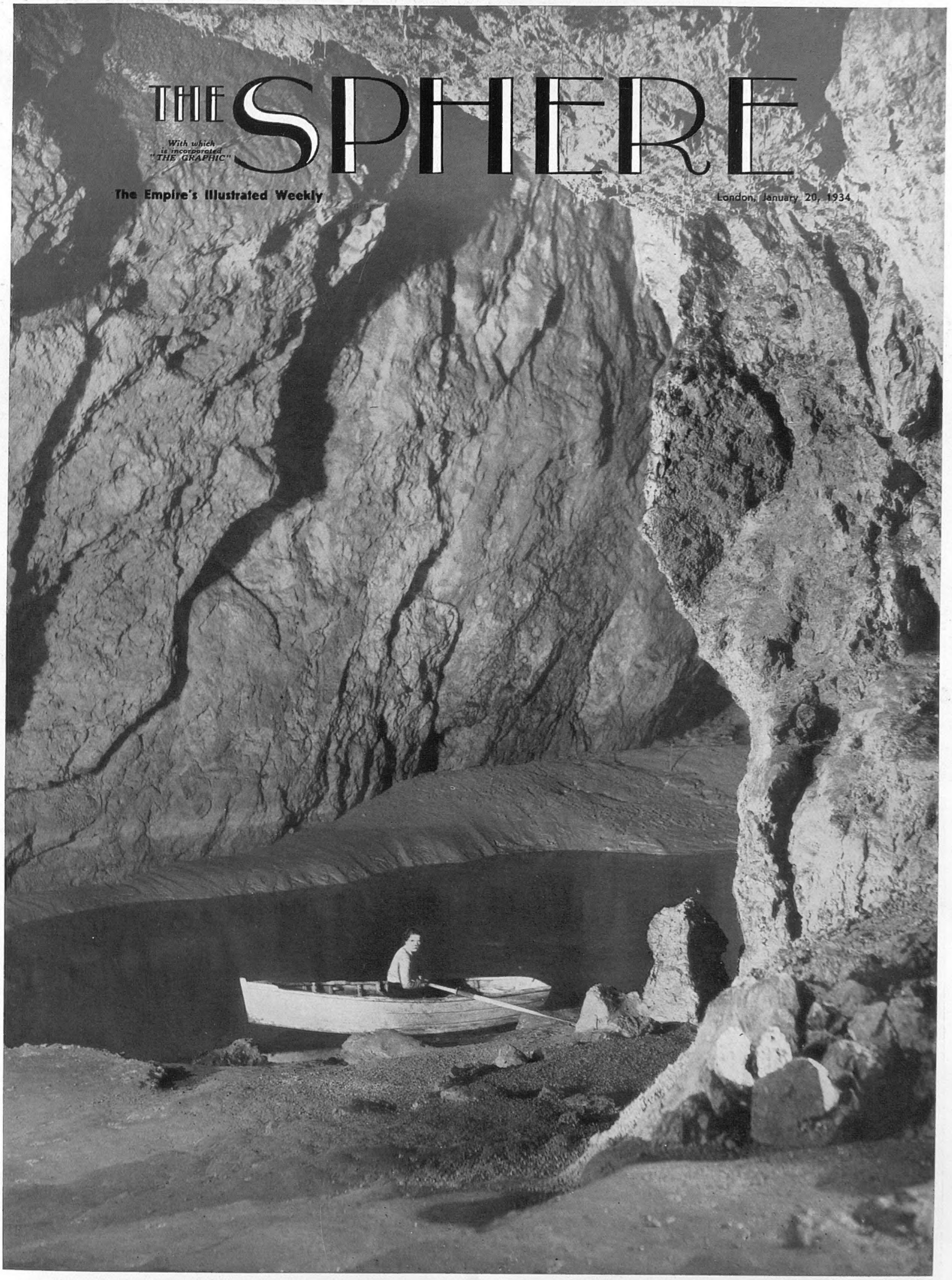
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 20, 1934



"THE DARK UNFATHOM'D CAVES . . ."

Exploring the Famous Wookey Hole in Somerset, where Two More Underground Chambers have Recently been Discovered

An interesting result of the long-continued drought has been the discovery of new chambers in the Wookey Hole Cave, near Wells, Somerset. Owing to the low level of the River Axe, a hitherto unknown rock opening was revealed, and a party of West Country archæologists was able to row through into the chambers. The second of these was so lofty that the roof could not be seen even with the aid of a powerful electric lamp, and it seems quite probable that this cave system stretches yet farther into the Mendip Hills. The Wookey Hole, with its display of stalactites and curious rock shapes, is one of the most remarkable caves in Britain. In the Hyæna Den nearby, traces have been found of rhinoceros, mammoth, and other animals, while palæolithic flint implements indicate that it was once inhabited by man

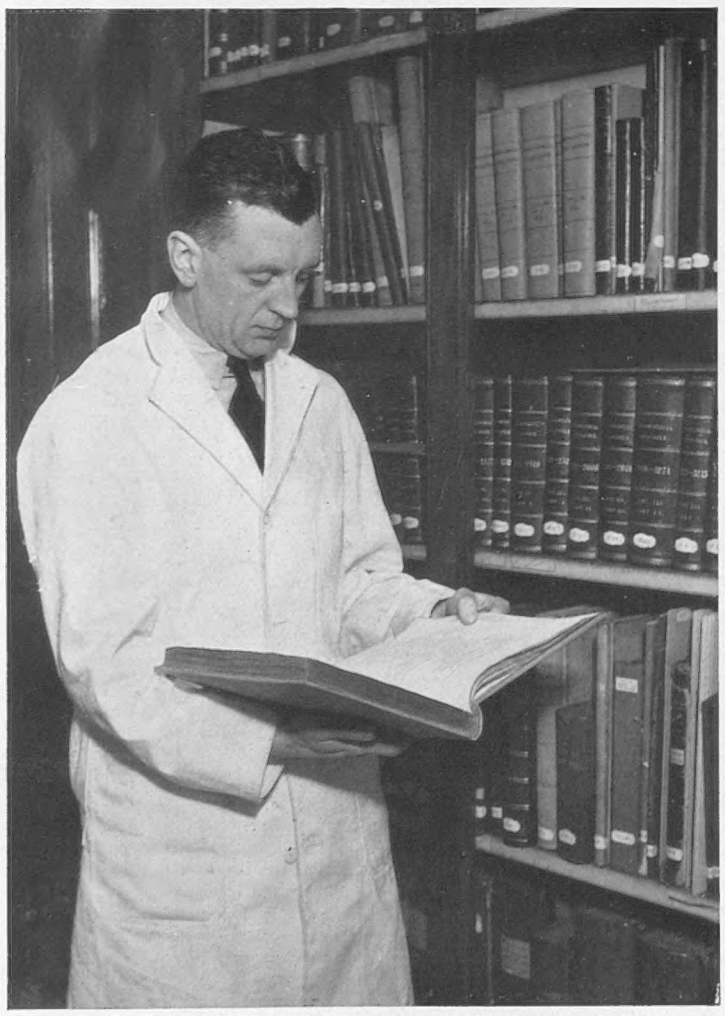
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

HEAVY SEAS THAT BROUGHT CROSS-CHANNEL SHIPPING TO A STANDSTILL: A view of the harbour wall at Newhaven being lashed by the waves during last week-end

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 17, 1934.

BURLINGTON HOUSE REFLECTIONS.— Here are a few humble second thoughts drawn from Burlington House. The prime, if unrealized, purpose of the great London Art Shows is to draw public attention to the fact that without payment and without trouble or crowding one can examine any day of the week aggregates far more magnificent and gems no less rare in our own public galleries. This is as true of foreign as of native painting. Ergo, what really draws people to picture exhibitions is not a love of art so much as a love of society and of novelty. If this is a hard saying, it is inexorably logical. Offer the public something valuable for nothing and it will turn its broad back on you. Offer it something less valuable for a price and it will be instantly attracted. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. It is not the wealth of masterpieces at Burlington House but the realization of what is not there, which reminds us of the uncountable riches in painting that England possesses. The first reflection which comes from a visit to Burlington House is admiration, the second disappointment. The second thoughts are quite inevitable to all who know their way about England in search of pictures. Which does not detract from the genius of those responsible for arranging the show at Burlington House. "It is not so much the things it says as the wonderful way it says them." With the material available, the organizers have provided a wonderful documented history of British art. Take Gainsborough. He is revealed in illustrated biography from the dreams of boyhood genius to the achievements of experienced maturity. And — final reflection — the supreme utility of this art show is perhaps not that it makes the world-famous British painters better known to us all as that it increases our admiration and love of masters unjustly left in obscurity.



A HIGH HONOUR FOR A YOUNG SURGEON: Mr. John Beattie, Associate Professor of Anatomy at McGill University, Canada, who has been appointed Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in succession to Sir Arthur Keith. He is only thirty-three years of age

ROGNON DE LA FLÈCHE.—England hath need of more Rognons. I need not perhaps remind many readers who this modern painter is, but perhaps there are one or two who missed this stimulating revelation in their daily paper. Lady Harris, visiting Paris, saw an art show in the modern manner; crude and hideous (so-called) realism, cubes and curves and triangles, purple skin, and so forth; quite the last word in frightfulness and cleverness. In an idle hour, for the fun of the thing, she caricatured these travesties and painted quite a number of joke pictures not intended to hoodwink a baby. A friend persuaded her to allow them to be shown, and in came the clever young art critics who direct our taste and gobbled up the bait. Here they said (with the *mot juste* and a critically wagged forefinger) was the last word in impressionism; here was ugliness, crudeness, and inexplicability personified. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, therefore Rognon de la Flèche was the great painter of our day, a man to be watched. This show-up is indeed art's Captain of Koepenick, and brings the whole structure of modern art criticism crashing to the ground. The Chelsea figurette lies shattered, shaken to the ground by ridicule. In every art, in literature, sculpture, painting, music, the be-all and end-all of success, for artist and critic, is to "see something nasty in the woodshed"; those artists who can see the nastiest evoke the loudest applause from the critics, and nothing can end the indignity and absurdity of our modern criterions of taste and merit but the earth-shaking laughter of Olympus drawn forth by a wholesome practical joke. It would not deceive a baby, but it may hope to hoodwink the clever critics every time. We need more and more *Cold Comfort Farms*, more such jokers as Rognon de la Flèche, and then one day we may look forward to regaining our sanity, our dignity, and our souls.

SUEZ CANAL DUES.— I am always interested in the results of propaganda, and I have speculated for quite a long time as to the likelihood of the intensive campaign against the unnecessarily high transit dues charged by the Suez Canal Company bearing fruit during the present year. The truth, as I have heard it expressed, is that the announcement of a reduction was overdue, and that the somewhat bitter campaign against the Canal Board was therefore justified. Clever and well-informed men have led the attack; none perhaps more shrewd in attack and more adroit in fence than Sir Arnold Wilson. More than a year ago he spoke on the subject and his first speech (which he made on a private occasion and to which I should not have referred if he had not subsequently spoken and written on the same theme in public) deserved to be rescued for the next anthology of invective and satire. The satire was directed against the minority directors of the Board whose primrose path to Paris led rather to personal privilege than to power, and his more serious criticism was directed against the undue weight of French opinion and direction on the Board, with the accompanying benefits to be reaped obliquely for the French nation in the sphere of maintenance works and similar pickings. The reduction has, in the event, been announced on the first available occasion: and it is therefore

A NARROW ESCAPE: Trees in Green Lane withstand the gale that swept across Saturday night. The houses were

an example of organized propaganda showing quick results. For Britain one of the canal's best clients, the reduction, inconsiderable as it is, will be welcomed, as it implies the partial removal of one of our two grievous burdens in competition with the World's Mercantile Marine. The other handicap is of course the absence of any real State subsidy for British shipping.

SECRETARY, N.T.— The resignation of Mr. Hamer from the secretaryship of the National Trust will be deplored by all of us who take an active interest in, or otherwise support and encourage, that vital organization. Under Mr. Hamer's wise, tactful, and energetic guidance, the Trust has grown and prospered and gained in reputation and possessions. It seems difficult to believe that he held the post for twenty-two years, because the searchlight has really only lately come to be directed on this great organization. Mr. Hamer sowed in weakness and has of late reaped in strength. The first years were years of struggle, without much encouragement save by the faithful few (like Lord Curzon) and the far-sighted handful. The assured revenue grew slowly, the local organizations hung back, the march of the iconoclasts appeared to be uncheckable, and one by one the vital acres of our heritage were handed over to the Despoilers. But Mr. Hamer and his chairmen and boards never lost heart or head; the handful of benefactors continued their support and brought in others by their example. And to-day, when ill-health compels Mr. Hamer to resign, he can rub his hands over the harvest of his early struggles. There are local committees all over the country, managing for the central committee, hundreds of acres of the loveliest country in Britain, and scores of buildings of historic interest, artistic merit, or beauty, which have been saved for all time for public enjoyment. And these local committees

bear testimony to Mr. Hamer's unfailing help and encouragement. He was always "on tap" for a lantern lecture, an exhibition of slides, or a racy and enthusiastic travelogue through the broad acres of the Trust's latest inheritance. Lord Zetland will find his place difficult to fill.

MUTE OF MALICE. —

A jury of his fellow-countrymen the other day found Francis Martin "mute of malice," and he got a heavier sentence than he might otherwise have done

Ilford, which failed to Southern England last undamaged

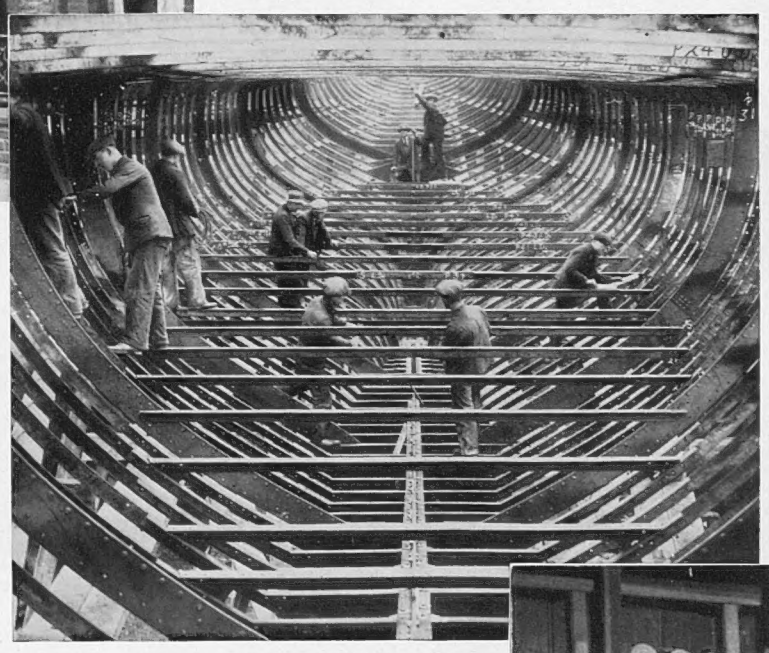
because he would not open his lips. It is a very rare misdemeanour, and it drives a coach - and - four through that nursery maxim, which used to be inculcated, that silence is golden. To-day there can be few among the world's listeners and listeners-in who will take a very serious view of the malice of keeping silence. This Martin, they will say, should go to a museum, not to a prison. His reward should be a Companionship of Honour, not hard-labour. Here is a man who (unlike the Buchmanites) refuses to wag his tongue about his sins. Here is a man who (unlike the politicians) refuses an admirable chance of wagging his tongue in self-justification. Here is a man who (unlike the B.B.C.'s huge roll of distinguished performers) does not take the proffered chance of advertising himself before a huge audience. So we send him to prison. We send him to prison, though the latest prophecy of Mr. Masefield is ringing in our ears: "Within the next thirty years a new school of poets will emerge—a school destined to be listened to." He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. For myself, I would enjoy the peace of St. Martin's summer.

STILL WATERS. —

The U.S. Secretary of Justice claims in his annual report to Washington considerable progress in the campaign against racketeering and kidnapping—the greatest blots on a great country's escutcheon. Even for the land of records, some of the figures in the statistics are very big. The police nosed out and seized as many as 20,000 illicit stills and breweries, and appropriated fifty-two liquor-running boats and 2,000 motor cars. Foreign boat smugglers were much less active and only six vessels were forfeited. The "gold detector" department drove 5,000 gold hoarders to disgorge, and proved the possession of as keen a nose as our own wireless detector service. In the States, a much higher percentage of crime was solved, although the number of prosecutions was less. The importance of crime prevention as a better remedy than detection and punishment, is stressed, and none who has experience of United States prisons can doubt that the remedy lies there—in the gaols; and that the best means of reducing crime is to turn away from the gaols a smaller and smaller percentage of permanently brutalized and embittered men. Of the year's record of lynching there is silence. Yet it is certain that the recent manifestations of lynch-law in the States were an ominous expression of public opinion which the authorities cannot afford to neglect. Truly the United States under Roosevelt are politically, socially, and economically in the heart of the melting-pot.

L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY.—

I should say that fewer domestic scandals convulse France in a century than they do England. But when the French have a major *affaire*, its repercussions rend the nation and shake thrones and governments. Such was the affair of the Diamond necklace, such the Dreyfus business. The one overturned a throne, the other shook the constitution, smashed tradition, and reconstituted society and its manner of thought. Whether the Stavisky affair will overturn one more French Government (which will be hard luck on civilization, since a stable Government in Paris is so vital to European resettlement) or will merely shatter the rotten fabric of French justice and her police system, or the lax laws which protect honest thrift and the genuine investor, or merely the opera bouffe finance of one-horse municipalities, we do not know yet. Stavisky's chief claim to ability as a criminal lay in his knowledge of the nation, in the greed of provincials, the corruptibility of officialdom. The nation which takes pride in a reputation for logic and a certain cynicism about human nature and human frailties, a nation famous for its thrift and shrewdness, proved a far easier pigeon for the plucking of a sharp rogue than would the simple, gullible Englishman. *L'affaire* Stavisky has already accomplished one thing: it has shaken to its foundations—foundations of sand—the traditional view of the French character.



A CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP: Men at work on the hull of Mr. Sopwith's yacht, *Endeavour*, which is now in course of construction at Gosport. She will probably be launched at the end of March, and will make an attempt to wrest from America the famous trophy which the late Sir Thomas Lipton found so elusive

TITLES AND HONOURS.

— The "Honours" question in Canada may still have repercussions which may affect Mr. Bennett's political future and bring the Opposition to power even earlier than normal political reaction would have done. And that in spite of the fact that Mr. Bennett's painstaking and exhaustive research in the building up of his Honours list was a work of positive genius, taking as it did the wind out of the sails of every form of criticism. For it contained not a vestige of politics or profiteering, and we are assured that, while Mr. Bennett remains in power, such lists never will. But, as a matter of fact, half the present trouble and more than half the cause of the silly action taken by Canada fourteen years ago in the matter of "Honours" were due to a vulgar error which still persists even in usually well-informed minds. I mean the confusion of "Honours" and "Titles." In Canada then and now they think of the "Honours" list as if it were a "Titles" list. No one in Canada dreams of reviving hereditary titles. Even the order of Knighthood is unlikely to receive recruits from Canadians. The only classes in Canada in whose favour the King's prerogative in the bestowal of honours can usefully be exercised are the long-service civilians, doctors, literary men, social workers, and so on. To refuse such honours for such persons were merely churlish. If the battle were fought fairly in Canada there would be no cause for fighting at all. The red herring of "Titles" is, of course, dragged across by political opponents of Mr. Bennett, and a very potent herring it is. And its distracting power is fostered by vulgar error in the Mother Country as well as in Canada.

OLD PARR IN FEATHERS.

—A letter last week from a landowner at Lyme Regis addressed to *The Morning Post* was as startling as short. "I have just shot a cock pheasant bearing a ring dated 1909, and I am told that a number of ringed birds were put down nearby in that year. Is this a record?" A pheasant twenty-five years old! It is either a record or our natural scientists must return with humility to the nursery, unless the phenomenon is capable of reasonable explanation, as for example the use of one of the old rings of 1909, collected off a long dead bird and "reissued." But assuming the ring has remained on the foot on which it was placed in those remote Edwardian days, what a bombshell is this from Lyme Regis! A parrot, we know, may live a century, but a pheasant we have never credited with longer life than a decade at most. Conceive the store of worldly wisdom in this tercentenarian among birds. The two-year-old cock is clever enough at a January covert shoot. What Machiavellian wisdom and adroitness must have been stored in that tough, old bird! And to have fallen at last a victim to the human dolts whom he had so long despised and battened on—what a tragedy! And then again, what shall we say for the sportsmen of Lyme Regis through whose barrage this famous bird has sailed to safety so long without the smallest inconvenience?

REASONABLE SECURITY.

—I was looking round the other day for an investment offering reasonable security, for a small sum paid off by a redemption. It is curious how quickly we have trained our mouths to open modestly. So short a time ago (when Dunlops were at five times their present value, when the Celanese group were quoted in pounds as they are now quoted in shillings; when in a word the higher an ordinary share stood, the surer it was deemed to buy for a rise) one expected reasonable security to go hand in hand with $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. To-day one asks for reasonable security on a $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. basis. But does one find it? Not those, I think, who read their daily paper seriously. On that day at any rate a pundit stood with flaming sword to warn me off every possible avenue. Anything European was ruled out, for on the authority of Dr. Barnes Europe was in decay, practically in decomposition. A British Government loan? What could be safer? But Sir Stafford had just declared that the Constitution must go. "There is only one safe investment to-day," said a shrewd acquaintance; "put your money on mortgage on a modern building in a busy centre." Then it was that my eye caught a heading culled from Sir James Jeans' last lecture. "The Earth," said he, "is wobbling like a dying top."

THE OLD STAGER

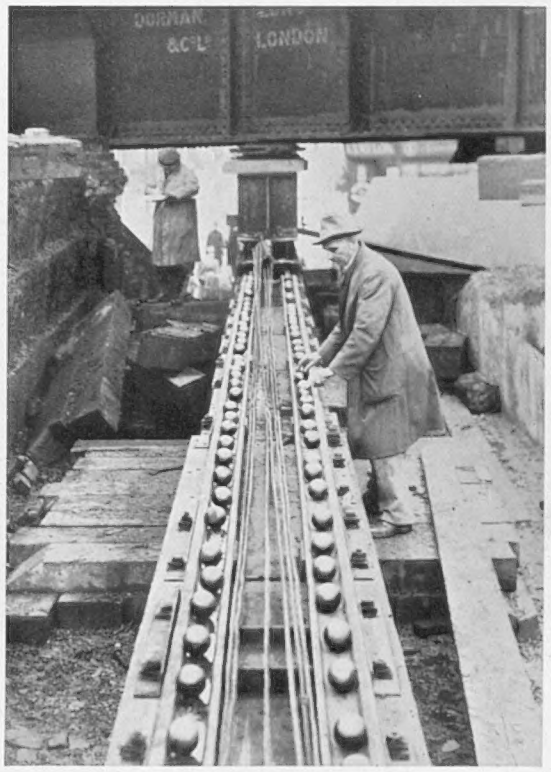
A WELSH OBERAMMERGAU: Preparations are being made at Blaenau Festiniog, for the dramatization of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The play will be presented on Maundy Thursday. Miss Jenkins, who is seen at work at her brother's shop, will take the part of Godliness

A SURVEY OF CU

THE HUNDRED YEARS OLD ROMANY SETTLEMENT AT HURTWOOD HILL, GUILDFORD, is being demolished, and the gipsies are to take up their residence in three-roomed bungalows which have been built for them at Walton-on-Thames

FESTIVITIES IN THE SUDAN: Some of the 200 guests who attended the Fancy

A GIPSY HOME AT HURTWOOD HILL: These small, untidy huts are made from twisted willow branches covered with sacks. They are known as "benders"



A REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEAT: Over eighty engineers and workmen were engaged this week in rolling into position the new 215-ton L.M.S. railway bridge at Harlesden. The bridge travelled over a slide of loose steel balls placed in a specially prepared runway

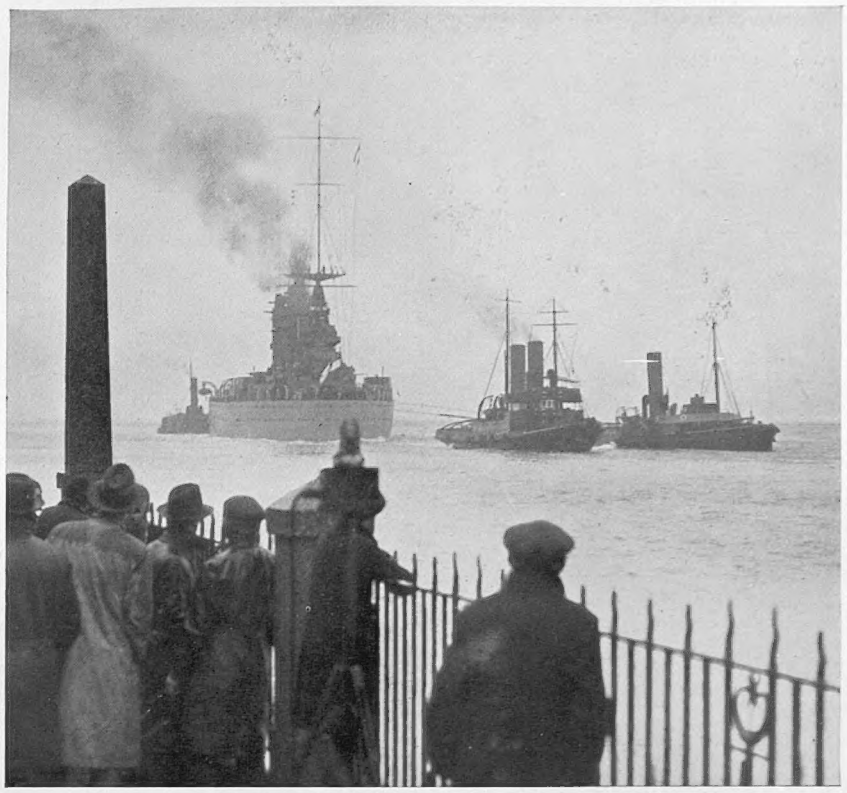
THE RELIEF OF THE DUBH remarkable picture taken carried out the relief and to safety. Mr. Budge's leg of the month, but he could the heavy seas which have

OVER A MILLION POUNDS' WORTH OF TOTALISATOR MACHINERY was sold by auction at the Baltic Exchange, London, last week. After immense sums had been spent on the erection of apparatus, it was found that it was much cheaper to issue "tote" tickets by hand. A large audience assembled to bid for the various lots, which included over 12 tons of tickets

THE TOAST OF THE SEASON: The time-honoured ceremony of breaking a bottle over the boats at the pier at Penmore was observed this week on the opening day of the salmon fishing season on Loch Tay. Mr. John Thomson, a sixty-eight-year-old boatman, is seen drinking the toast of "Tight Lines"

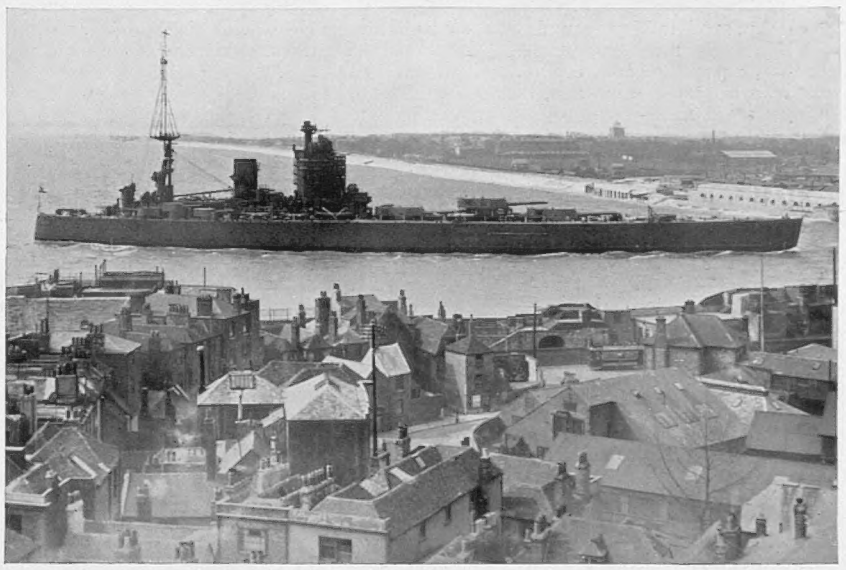
RRENT EVENTS

Dress Ball at the Grand Hotel, Khartum, to celebrate the arrival of the New Year



H.M.S. "NELSON," the 33,500-ton flagship of the Home Fleet, which went aground at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour on Friday of last week. When the mishap occurred she was leaving the harbour to join in the fleet's spring cruise, and it was not until after dark that she was successfully refloated

RTACH LIGHTHOUSE NEAR OBAN: A
s the motor boat of the S.S. *Hesperus*
rought the injured keeper, Mr. Tom Budge,
vas crushed against a rock at the beginning
ot be removed to the mainland owing to
ade approach to the lighthouse impossible



H.M.S. "NELSON" IN THE NARROW ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: This picture shows what a small margin of safety there is for a great battleship making its way in or out of the harbour

TRANSFERRED TO LONDON: Señor Sanchez Mejorada, Mexican Minister in Berlin, who has been appointed Minister to the Court of St. James's

THE DROUGHT LEADS TO A DISCOVERY: An exploring party about to enter the vast cavern which has been found in the Wookey Hole, near Wells, as a result of the lowering of the water level. It has for long been suspected that the caves stretch several miles back into the Mendip Hills, and Captain Hodgkinson, the owner, is now attempting to penetrate them. A strong backward draught of air certainly indicates that there is an unknown outlet. Another picture of the Wookey Hole appears on the front page

A WORD IN THE PRESIDENT'S EAR: Members of an American Legion deputation presenting their "Legislative Programme" to Mr. Roosevelt at the White House. The President's willingness to hear the views of all sections of the community has been one of the main reasons for his continued popularity

ROOSEVELT WALKS THE TIGHT-ROPE

As He Goes Forward with the Most Daring Recovery Campaign in History

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Two thousand million pounds is the cost of the Roosevelt recovery plan—so far. If the enormous expense of recovery *à la* Roosevelt had been known nine months ago, the United States, having started to struggle to its feet, would have fallen flat again; and if, to-day, anyone less adequately equipped than Franklin Roosevelt were in charge, the nation would be split in twain and the banks would be in revolt. As it is, the banks have decided to co-operate in the vast financing programme, and, after the first gasp, the people accept the bill without demur. All of which is an extraordinary tribute to the handsome, astute, supple, smiling, indomitable politician who has set out to make a new America.

When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon there was no going back. It is said that Duke William, having landed on the English island, burnt his boats in case his army had reverses and thought it prudent to retire. The gamble which each *conquistador* undertook was tremendous; but not more tremendous than the gamble on which Roosevelt has launched. He must now go ahead, come what may. But he is no reckless gambler. The skill with which he has organized his advance, the swift and comprehensive measures taken to see that his army follows where he leads, the adroit steps to break up opposition blocs, turn enemies into allies, compel the fearful, and, throughout, preserve the source of his colossal and unprecedented power—all these entitle Roosevelt to rank as the first politician of the age. If the realization of his aims lies within human power, he will, in all probability, realize them.

It is interesting to observe his methods, half suasion, half force. Herbert Hoover looked a big man until he became President. Then he looked smaller than his office. He could neither carry the nation nor impress it. He was not, in fact, equipped for the supreme political office in a non-authoritarian State. But Roosevelt, like Lincoln, looms bigger than his office. He understands the job of being a popular dictator, the most complex of all political jobs. The erudite Dr. Sprague fails to secure an audience of the President to tell him what he thinks about monetary things; but an old lady from a "backwoods" State, who writes to say she will die happy if she could gain just one glimpse of the President, is brought up to Washington and sat down to lunch at the President's family table, with Franklin himself. The economist has only things to say which the President, being committed to unorthodox monetary theories, does not wish to hear. But the old lady is a national news story, calculated to keep the image of the President as "the people's man" fresh in the minds of millions. Besides, in her own home town she becomes the centre of a pro-Roosevelt "cell," and Roosevelt understands, none better, the value of these "cells" all over the gigantic country. None excels him in the art of swiftly gaining an adherent with a smile, a handshake, a word.

A body of disgruntled war veterans camp outside Washington. Hoover has them broken up with clubs and tear-gas bombs. Very stupid. The heads of this powerful, organized body, the ex-soldiers, arrive in Washington with their legislative programme. They have their men in the Congress, just as the brewing trade, the steel industry, the shipping business, the temperance movement, and other organized bodies have their representatives in the British Parliament, alert to watch their special interests, ready to promote Bills. But the veterans, although just another organized minority, are spread all over the country; clubs and centres in every State. Why alienate them? Why not win them? It costs nothing. So when the veterans' two representatives request an audience, Roosevelt at once obliges. He allows the camera men to take a picture of the scene. The picture is broadcast; the veterans' men are pleased; the boys back home see them with the President himself, and on the job. The veterans (and their womenfolk) are enchanted. The President is taking a personal and sympathetic interest in their affairs. It is worth five minutes of the President's time. Congress will take care of the legislative programme. If nothing much comes of it, the President won't get the odium.

So it goes. Mr. Moley looks to Europe like Roosevelt's Colonel House. But he is no House; he is only a professor with ideas. An egocentric, he affronts the courteous Secretary of State, Senator Hull, in that London Conference affair. Now, the Senator represents a whole block of votes, an important political wing; whereas Moley represents only himself. Professorial brains are two a penny. Out goes Moley.

The inflationists are too numerous in Congress to please the President. They may make trouble, try to compel him to do what he does not want to do. The silver crowd are allied to them. On the edge of the meeting of the new Congress the President announces a plan to raise the price of silver in the United States. Joy among the silver Senators! They have got what they want—and the inflation bloc in Congress loses a considerable ally.

The political play and by-play is endless. It has to be, for it is only by maintaining the sources of their power that popular dictators can dictate. All the time the Dictator has to balance on a tight-rope between the conservative wing and the radical wing of his Administration. The first is more concerned with recovery than with reconstruction; the second would subordinate recovery to reconstruction, on the argument that without reconstruction (in the direction of the "collective State," looking ultimately to the elimination of the profit system and private ownership of property) recovery will only be the prelude to another and more disastrous capitalistic breakdown. Roosevelt has been described by sympathetic observers as a "bourgeois Lenin." The term is apt, but a trifle premature. The great speculator is not yet certain how things are going to turn out in this phase of world transition. He thus preserves a middle course, ready to swing right or left as the direction of the current of world change becomes more clearly defined.

The recent conflict between Mr. Peek and Professor Tugwell epitomizes the fundamental struggle. Mr. Peek was head of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (Roosevelt has now tactfully removed him to another post). Professor Tugwell, the philosopher, sociologist, and prophet of the Roosevelt "revolution," is Assistant Secretary of Agriculture (and "Rex" to Roosevelt, to whom he stands close, and affectionately known as a "Bolshevik" around the White House). Mr. Peek believes in the profit system and the private ownership of property. Professor Tugwell, a student of the Russian revolution, believes in the elimination, by a process of gradual substitution, of the features of the capitalist system aforesaid. Roosevelt smoothed over this quarrel. But the ardent young liberals press him towards revolutionary changes, and a left wing defection, on confirmation of the radical suspicion that the President is not with them as wholly as they had hitherto thought, might provoke 100 resignations and be a very serious matter. On the other hand, the conservatives are playing safe, although Roosevelt would like them to press him to go their way as boldly as the young radicals urge him in the opposite direction. The conservatives think that time plays on their side, the radicals think they can work fundamental changes before that time factor comes into play. And Roosevelt, safe with his dictatorial powers until next summer, balances on his tight-rope between the two, waiting to see what the Congressional elections of next November bring forth.

Meantime, one may observe that the Roosevelt bill for recovery so far has raised the public debt to £6,360,000,000, spread over 120,000,000 people occupying the world's richest area. The British public debt is £7,860,000,000 spread over 50,000,000 people occupying a little island in the North Atlantic—and the bonds representing this colossal debt are accepted to-day as the world's safest paper. From which we may deduce that a public debt, whether notched up to preserve and operate an empire's mother country, or to carry through recovery and reconstruction measures in the world's most powerful State, must be judged less by its mere size than by reference to (a) a people's national character, and (b) that people's ability to make money, and, consequently, to pay Government-imposed taxes to service the State debt.

But it must be observed that the impact of the sudden and enormous bill for recovery in the United States is buffered and may be relieved very considerably by the Roosevelt dollar programme. The President is in the unique and happy position of having under his hand gold resources aggregating 3,500,000,000 gold dollars, or £700,000,000. This metal he proposes to take into the Treasury. Then he will cut the gold content of the dollar in half or nearly in half, and hand over to the Reserve Banks, who have provided the gold, £700,000,000 of gold certificates.

With the dollar at its gold par, these certificates would represent the whole pile of gold taken into the Treasury. But with the gold content of the dollar cut in half, the certificates represent only half the weight of gold, but still the same number of revaluated dollars. In short, the banks and the Government split the gold, which by Government action has been made worth twice the number of old-gold-par dollars, and the Government can use its half to supply a backing for a second £700,000,000 of notes: which sum will go a long way towards financing the recovery programme.

THE REPUBLICAN METHOD: Officers patrolling the Capitol in Washington to prevent "hunger marchers" from rushing the building. Mr. Hoover lost much of his influence through his arbitrary treatment of deputations

THE BAYONNE FRAUDS

Some Personalities in the Great French Financial Scandal

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES: M. Dalimier, the French Colonial Minister, who was severely criticized in the Paris Press for signing a letter recommending the Bayonne Bonds as an investment, and who has resigned his position to save the Chautemps Ministry from defeat. The Cabinet, after hearing his explanations, exonerated him from blame

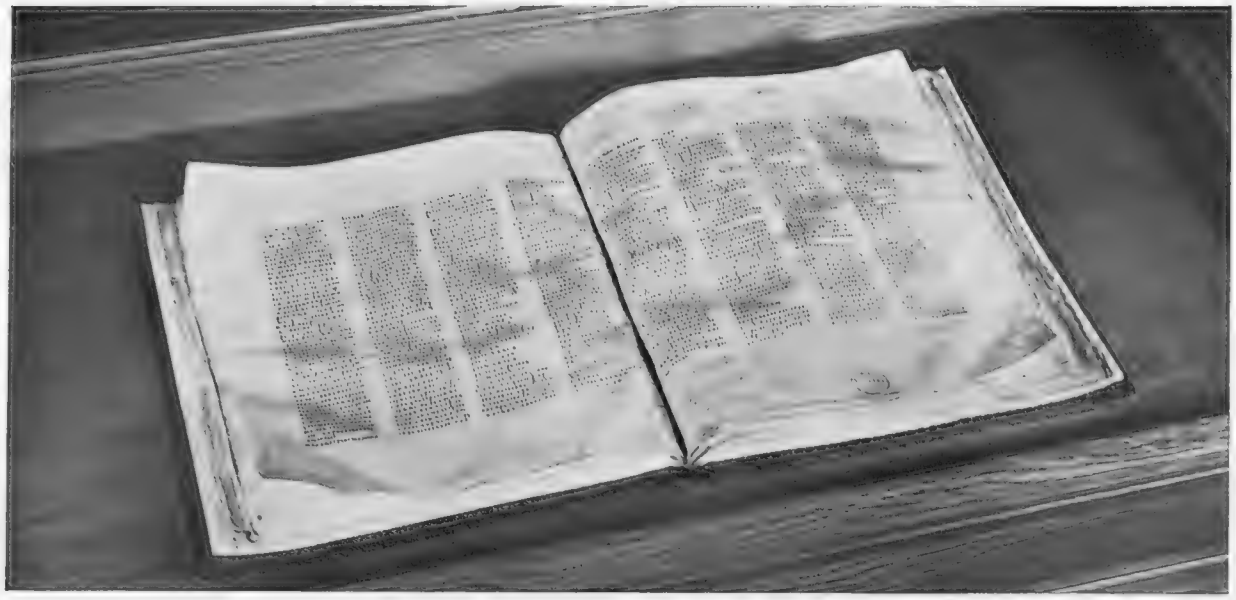
PARISIANS EXPRESS THEIR INDIGNATION AT THE BAYONNE BOND FRAUDS: While the Government was facing a crisis in the Chamber of Deputies, rioters gathered in the neighbourhood of the building and blocked the road with trees, benches, and pieces of grating. Over 350 arrests were made

A SUSPECT: M. Albert Dubarry, a director of the newspaper, *Volonté*, who was taken to Bayonne last week under police escort. He is alleged to have received 2,000,000 francs from Stavisky, but claims that it was a subsidy for his paper

ARRIVING TO CONFER WITH HIS CLIENT: Maître Campinchi, who is defending M. Garat, the arrested Mayor of Bayonne. The latter is alleged to have been one of Stavisky's accomplices, but claims that the frauds were committed without his knowledge. His fellow prisoner, M. Tissier, secretary of the Bayonne pawnbroking establishment, asserts that Garat knew everything

AT THE SÛRETÉ GÉNERALE: M. Albert Dubarry (foreground) and M. Camille Aymard (seated), a former director of the *Liberté* newspaper, about to leave Paris for Bayonne. Their presence has been requested there by the Juge d'Instruction who is investigating the frauds. M. Aymard claims that the money he received from Stavisky was payment for advertisements published in the ordinary course of business

RETURNING TO PARIS: M. Henri Voix and Mlle Almeras, who are alleged to have been in the villa at Chamonix at the time of Stavisky's death. During the debate in the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Ybarnegary declared, "What horrifies me is that at the last moment of Stavisky's life there was by his side that sinister figure, the police agent, Henri Voix. That is why I say that Stavisky was murdered"



WHERE THE FIRST LEAVES "ACQUIRED" BY TISCHENDORF AT MT. SINAI MONASTERY STILL REMAIN: A picture specially taken for "The Sphere" by the courtesy of the University Library Authorities, Leipzig

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CODEX SINAITICUS

Some New Points Concerning the Question of the Ownership of the Manuscript

In circles outside those of the British Museum and the higher clergy there has been considerable restlessness concerning the proposed acquisition by the nation of the Codex Sinaiticus. The bland assurance that all is well with this matter is not universally shared. There are two main lines of thought upon which grave uncertainty exists. Firstly, there is the matter of where and how the £100,000 is to be spent. Last week the *Evening Standard* announced that it was unable to find any real foundation for the assurance, frequently repeated, that the money was to be spent by the Soviet authorities in such a way that it would benefit British labour. This assurance appears to be in the nature of a pious hope or of something "generally understood."

Secondly, there is the uncertainty of the actual ownership of the Codex. Is it another of the doubtful objects offered for sale by Russia? What did actually take place in 1869? Were the Brethren of the Convent of St. Catherine forced to acquiesce in allowing the Codex to remain at St. Petersburg? We know that in the previous year (1868) the name of Tischendorf was hated at Sinai. And the tradition of this intense dislike has continued to the present day; it is recorded as recently as 1925 that he was known within the convent as "the thief."

It certainly would appear that the public appeal issued on December 29 last for the purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus has not had the instantaneous result that was so confidently expected, for now another national appeal is to be made in order to raise the sum still required. "The poorest as well as the more prosperous," Dr. Hensley Henson, the Bishop of Durham, has said, "should be enabled to have a hand in what is nothing less than a national demonstration of our respect for that Holy Religion which the Atheists of Russia revile and seek to destroy."

Surely before the British public are asked to raise a sum of such proportions, some further inquiries should be made concerning the many stories surrounding the actual discovery of the Codex, and some more definite and reliable proof should be forthcoming as to whom this valuable Bible really belongs. Have we, for instance, any definite proof that the usually accepted story of the discovery of the first part of the Codex in a waste-paper basket is true? Or that the finding of the missing part of the Old Testament and entire New Testament really occurred in the manner related by Dr. Tischendorf himself? In publishing the New National Appeal on January 15, the *Morning Post* has stated that in 1859 Tischendorf "conceived the happy idea of asking for the volume as a gift to the Emperor of Russia," and after some delay this gift "was formally made" on September 28 of the same year. Here there is manifestly some inaccuracy, for Tischendorf himself asserts that the manuscript was given him solely in the form of a loan, and that he was able to obtain it only through the intermediary of Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople.

THE VISITOR WHOM THE MONKS OF ST. CATHERINE'S HATED: A portrait of Dr. Tischendorf obtained for "The Sphere" by the University Library Authorities at Leipzig. It shows the sitter in a romantic pose—apparently a youthful study. No portrait of Dr. Tischendorf was obtainable in this country

On September 28, Tischendorf received the document in Cairo and took it with him to Russia, though it was still understood that it was only as a loan. "Anyhow for the next few years," he observed, "the possession of the original was assured and therefore there is no need for special haste for the Codex to be donated." Again, a little later in his book *Die Sinai Bibel, Ihre Entdeckung, Herausgabe und Erwerbung*, we find the following sentence: "How rigidly the authorities in St. Petersburg held that the manuscript was a loan held on trust is shown by the fact that it was not at once deposited in the library but was kept in a fireproof cellar of the Foreign Office."

On November 10, 1862, the *édition de luxe* was presented to the Tsar by Tischendorf, but the original manuscript was not returned to Sinai, although the Brethren repeatedly asked for it.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE CODEX IN BRIEF

1844.—Forty-three leaves of the Old Testament (part of the Codex Sinaiticus) "acquired" by Dr. Tischendorf at the Convent of St. Catherine, Sinai, presented to the King of Saxony and still in Leipzig.

1853.—Dr. Tischendorf paid another visit to Sinai, but failed to obtain any further leaves. The monks apparently had got shy of their enterprising visitor (Tischendorf's own explanation of this attitude is that his first acquisition had aroused the monks to the value of their possession).

1859.—(Feb. 7-8) "I saw the end in sight." The year when Dr. Tischendorf obtained the loan of the remaining leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus from the Archbishop of Sinai after he had seen the missing leaves in the cell of the young Athenian steward of the convent. The leaves were handed to the German savant under the distinct understanding that they were on loan for the purpose of being transcribed.

(Sept.)—Later in the same year the doctor enlisted the assistance of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople in his endeavour to obtain the gift of the Codex to the Tsar. The Ambassador gave an assurance that the volume would be returned if the Brethren did not wish to give it to the Tsar. The Brethren, as far as can be ascertained, never expressed the wish to give it to the Tsar.

1865.—Professor Heinrich Brugsch visited the convent and was shown two beautifully bound volumes of the special edition sent by the Tsar, but says that an official of the convent "seemed annoyed the MS. of the Codex, the return of which had been guaranteed by the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, had not yet been sent back."

1868.—Dr. Tischendorf still attempting to fix the scheme for the gift to the Tsar. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople informs Tischendorf that his name is hated at Sinai.

1869.—Up to this period there had apparently been a division of opinion at Sinai as to the possibility of giving away corporate property. But according to Tischendorf some kind of arrangement was effected. At least the Codex was removed from its safe in the Russian Foreign Office to the Imperial Library.

1890.—In his book, *Bibliographic Fragments, 1890*, Dr. Rendel Harris (a frequent visitor to the convent) mentions Cox's report on the monasteries of the Levant, and deplores the latter's faintheartedness in not having visited Sinai. "I believe I am right," he said, "that at the time he came to this resolution, January, 1857, the Sinaitis Codex was still lying in its time-honoured refuge where, in fact, it would be to-day if the ordinary conventions concerning the right of property had been scrupulously regarded."

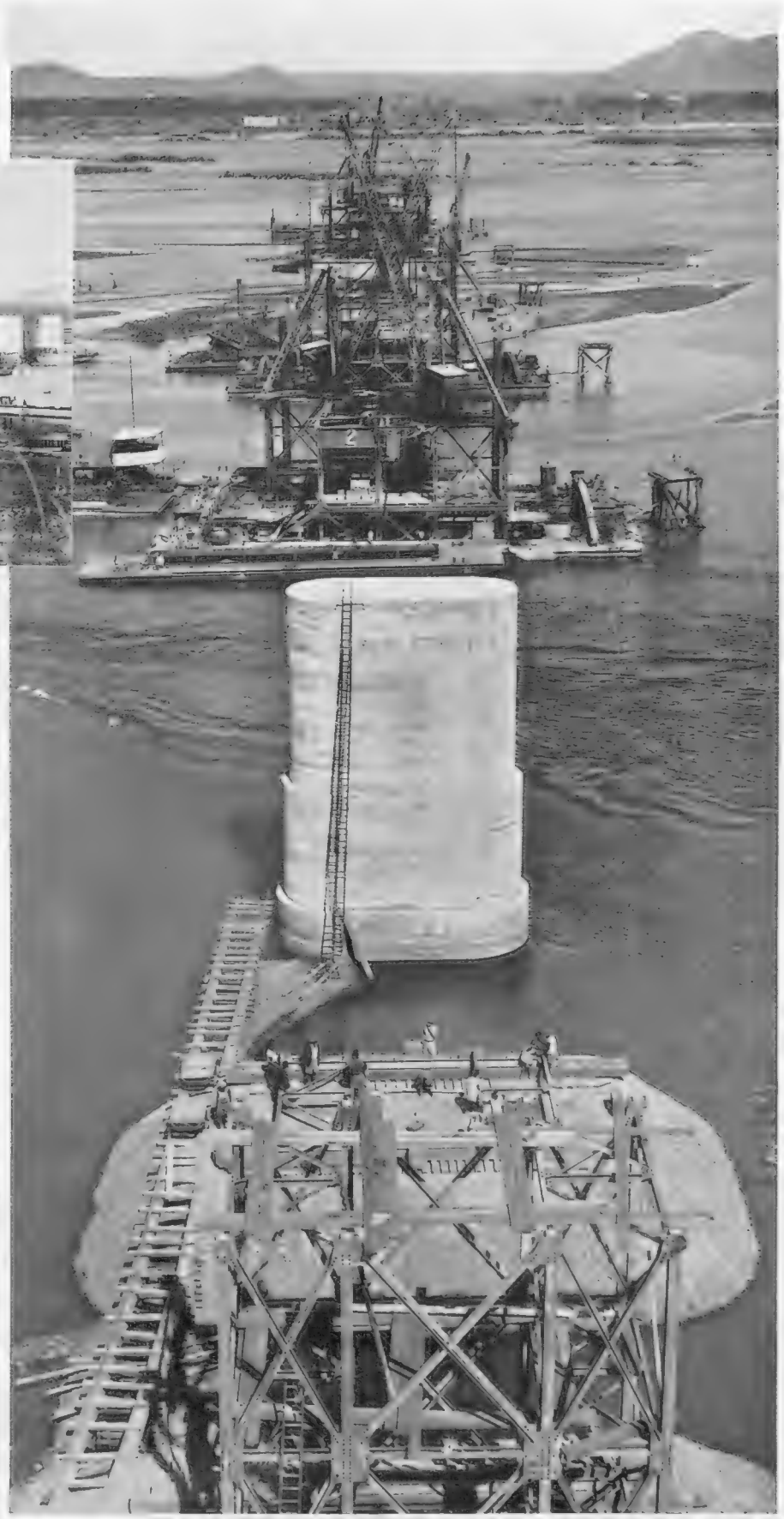
1892.—The monastery visited by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, the twin sisters of Cambridge. Mrs. Lewis writes, "The exploits of Tischendorf seemed to have made the monks so suspicious of Western scholars that they have hitherto refused permission for anyone to ransack their shelves."

BRIDGING THE ZAMBEZI AND THE IRRAWADDY

Railway Development in East Africa and Burma

THE NEW ZAMBEZI RAILROAD BRIDGE, which, when completed, will link Nyasaland directly with the modernly equipped port of Beira, Portuguese East Africa. The bridge, the construction of which will cost approximately £1,500,000, is part of an extensive scheme of African development and will probably do much to increase Nyasaland's exports of tobacco and rice. At present all goods and passengers have to be ferried across the river in shallow-draught barges and small sternwheel steamers

THE AVA BRIDGE OVER THE IRRAWADDY, NEAR MANDALAY, which was opened this month by Sir Hugh Stephenson, Governor of Burma. It is nearly three-quarters of a mile in length and replaces the ferry between Amarapura and Sagaing. The designs were prepared by Messrs. Rendel, Palmer, and Tritton of Westminster, and the contractors were Messrs. Braithwaite and Co. (India), Ltd. The total cost was approximately £1,125,000



THE INITIAL STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION: Laying the foundations for the new Zambezi Bridge. Preliminary investigations revealed that there was very little rock in the bed of the river and, in consequence, the thirty-four main wells or caissons supporting the piers have had to be sunk to a great depth in order to secure stability. The bridge and its approach viaduct will be just over 2¼ miles in length, and will include six approach spans of 66 ft., thirty-three main spans of about 262 ft., seven smaller spans of 165 ft., and a viaduct of 1,805 ft.

SPANNING BURMA'S GREATEST RIVER: Another view of the Ava Bridge over the Irrawaddy, showing nine of the ten spans completed. It has been built, primarily, for carrying the railroad, but, at the request of the local government, which contributed to the cost of construction, 12-ft. cantilever-supported roadways have been placed on each side of the track. The work began in 1927 and took much longer than would normally be expected because the sinking of the caissons had to be suspended during the rainy season when the river was in spate. The total weight of steel used in the superstructure is approximately 11,000 tons. All the materials were supplied either from Great Britain, India, or Burma

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WHEN ANY THOUGHT OF DIVORCE SEEMS RIDICULOUS: A happy pose from the recent Paramount film, *Sitting Pretty*

THE SECOND STAGE: Still no thought of divorce. Richard Arlen, Judith Allen, and Charles Knettles pose in the film, *Cap'n Jericho*

BUT A STRANGER MAY COME BETWEEN: Norma Varden, Tom Walls, and Robertson Hare in an amusing scene from one of their latest films

THEN COMES THE CUSTODY OF THE CHILD: A Sylvia Sidney and Cora Collins pose in *Jennie Gerhardt*, a Paramount Production

BUT IT MAY ALL COME TO THIS: Waiting for alimony in an American bank

As a setting for Mr. Tuohy's remarkable exploration of the present situation of divorce in Europe and America, we give here a series of intriguing poses from recently-produced films. The last picture, however, is an actuality and was taken in an American bank where the divorced wife of one of the cashiers took up her position in the lobby and refused to move until she was paid her arrears of alimony. After she had remained in the bank four days, an injunction was secured to prevent her entering the building and from further molesting her former husband

WHERE STANDS DIVORCE?

A Rapid Survey of the Present Position in Europe and America

By FERDINAND TUOHY

If one thing emerges as more certain than another in this crazy universe it is the impermanency of the existing divorce laws in many lands. Something is afoot in the white world concerning divorce; there is the feel of it. Just what? Are the bonds to loosen or to become tighter?

A geographical survey suggests that the answer is largely one of geography and that there are tendencies in both directions. Indeed, one would go further and line up under four distinctive heads the contemporary attitude, towards divorce:

Laughing at it.
Fidgety.
Maximum of opportunity.
Minimum of opportunty.

To take this quartette separately, the United States are increasingly comporting themselves towards divorce as they behaved towards prohibition. It is becoming much of a joke. Collusion, all collusion, and nothing but collusion. One in five marriages now leads to the courts, and last year but eleven per cent. of suits were contested. A divorce-wise public "sews things mutually up" before going to a lawyer, and the rest is a hollow sham the limit in which may have been reached not long since when a New York attorney, in a forgetful moment, openly announced "his bargain" to a judge. What many States desire is the introduction of divorce by mutual consent which would not only curb the present undistinguished racket, but also put a spoke in this sort of thing:

A certain Mr. Bishop secures a decree as a "golf widower." Charging cruelty, complainant declared his wife would come home and say, "I played 36 holes to-day and can hardly hold up my head." Again, we read this cable:

"A U.S. divorce judge has ruled that twins may be born of the same mother but with different fathers and, basing his judgment on this theory, granted a husband a divorce on the ground of his wife's infidelity."

Or there is the case of Mrs. Levy, of Chicago, who obtained her decree because of the ventriloquial habits of her partner. Mrs. Levy was always hearing voices: Joan had nothing at all on her. The most unlikely things would speak, such as a pork chop which one day said, "Leave me alone!" Or one might cite Mrs. Gertie Shinn of Bridgeport, Conn., and who won her freedom because her artist-husband would insist on her posing in the shiversome nude. A second artist, Mr. Berger of San Francisco, must henceforward pay alimony because he had his hair permanently waved. The judge, evidently a he-man, was quite decided that such amounted to mental cruelty. Or take Mrs. Katie Lenz of St. Louis, who had been granted a decree because her man kept a catfish in the bath, a catfish, queerest of component parts in the eternal triangle! Another American gentleman must go through the mill because he insisted on painting his near ones green on St. Patrick's Day; while Mrs. Eugene Brewster has secured her alimony because her author-husband "would read his stories when he had company."

Just a recent budget, the above, but showing, I think, which way the wind bloweth. Not that ever-newer and odder divorce grounds are confined to the U.S.A. Rather does the thing appear to be getting contagious:

"A twenty-nine-year old Prague woman entered suit for divorce because of a colony of doves the husband keeps in the flat. 'When he comes home,' testified the wife, 'he at once rushes to the dove-cot and talks to the birds, and when he is not doing that he is reading dove literature. He hardly touches his food, smokes all the time, and declines to talk to me because I am not expert enough on doves.'"

It is symptomatic, in fact, that more and more reasons *are* being trotted forward for securing decrees. There seems to be something of a revolt from the notion that infidelity should ride matters so all-embracingly. Other things can be as bad, people are saying, and a good deal worse. Let me instance conservative, non-divorcing France. I hesitate to say that we have now entered category two, the fidgety ones. Reasons of religion and property-sharing greatly subdue French divorcing, which is also private and unpublished. But just because of that, and because there's not the shade of a thought of France playing the giddy goat like the Americans, some recent applications arrest attention (they appeared without names). A young Paris wife brought suit because of her husband's snoring, "constituting an act of violence as she was obliged to share the same room." Hardly less domestic interest than from "*les sommeils sonores*" was aroused by the case of a second lady who won on her plea that her husband forced her to be a vegetarian, "constituting a very debilitating régime." Incompatibility of menus! cried the commentators in alarm. Could it be coming to that—decrees on account of constant restaurant differences? Then there was the case of a well-known songstress whose husband went to the courts because his lady had allowed herself to be painted, and hung, in the nude. In sterner mould was the upholding of a Rennes decree given a wife because her husband never spoke to her. "The couple lived quite happily, but the man grew more and more retiring, until finally he conversed only by signs." A Parisienne speedily followed suit on the same grounds; and it is to be observed that in both instances defendants professed complete happiness with their wives and could not see why silence should be a ground for divorce. Rather more "actual" was another revelation, namely, that many couples are divorcing and going on living in honeyed bliss together; reason: wife's inheritance ("dotale") is unrealizable as long as she is tied, and these hard times the money is wanted. But no doubt more piquant yet is the following:

"How the difficulties raised by the Church for Roman Catholic divorces are got over by the present generation has been revealed in a recent case. Wives who can prove that they were forced into marriage by their parents have the best chance of annulment. But the Church requires documentary proof. Accordingly, it is a fairly common practice among present-day couples before embarking on matrimony to make certain of the means of ending it should the necessity arise. A letter is, therefore, written by the bride, preferably on the eve of the ceremony, describing to some sympathetic friend her anguish on being dragged to the altar. With heart-broken phrases the 'victim' bewails her miserable fate, sacrificed to the hated suitor by family ambition. The melancholy epistle concludes with a last adieu to 'the companion of my vanished happiness' . . . who proceeds to put the missive most safely away in case some day . . ."

I shall not tarry with category two, the fidgety ones; they are best represented by our very own selves. A spot of perjury, a spot of collusion, large spots of fed-up-ness with what many deem to be bewhiskered anomalies and burdens, even cruelties, soaked in a bygone day of darkness and rigidity. But the fidgety ones, if they so ardently desire decrees for lunacy, imprisonment, desertion, specified cruelty and disease, in addition to eternal (and possibly over-rated) infidelity, if some would even go as far as mutual consent and are thoroughly sick of Royal Commissions, the fidgety ones are nevertheless for securing reform by compelling, respectful means. There is a good deal of this kind of reform in the air in Central Europe, Poland, and Balkan lands, besides England.

Now turn to category three, right out in the advanced open, and some giving rather close attention to the precise social effects of their broad emancipation. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the Soviet, Spain. In Denmark, a married couple wishing to part goes to the town hall and says so. If a co-respondent be produced, the union is broken forthwith on his or her testimony alone. If no such aggravating cause prevails, an effort is made at reconciliation, and if that fails—and provided arrangements have been made concerning the property and the children—there is no further inquiry. A decree is promised after a staying-separate test period of a year or eighteen months. No dirty linen or perjury, and the whole business costing about £3. And, divorces are one in twelve of marriages in Denmark. Something on the same lines obtains, I believe, in Sweden and Norway, and in all three lands, of course, lunacy and the rest of the litany are listed on a par with infidelity. In the Soviet, men and women can just go before a commissar and request a divorce, and by all accounts the Government is not quite happy about the resultant wide tendency to irresponsibility.

Finally, we come to the Fascist-Nazi reading of divorce and the answer is: tighten up the screws, a very minimum of divorce, weakening to State-building projects! In Italy, only annulment, and that a rarity, is countenanced. In the Third Realm, Hitler will give a decree freely on one ground as the following message shows: "The High Court has dissolved the marriage of a German and a Jewess on the application of the husband, who pleaded that he did not realize the importance of race until it was made clear under the Hitler régime. The Court laid down for the future that such applications must be submitted within six months of the facts coming to an applicant's knowledge." Otherwise, marriage is going to be a definite profession for both parties, the man earning, the mother as spiritual as well as physical guardian of Kultur, with a steadily growing brood as pivot of the home. Divorce indeed! Why, only the duly vetted are going to be allowed to link together and they've jolly well got to stay linked!

What is it going to be eventually with us?

A NEW PASTOR FOR TRISTAN DA CUNHA

LANDING SUPPLIES AT TRISTAN DA CUNHA: This is always a great event as this lonely South Atlantic island is for many months of the year cut off completely from the outside world. The Rev. Harold Wilde, M.C., curate of St. Martin's, Lincoln, has just been appointed pastor

WOMEN OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA: They are long-lived and extremely healthy

Tristan da Cunha, the largest of a group of three small volcanic islands in the South Atlantic, was discovered in 1506 by a Portuguese admiral. In 1810 the first permanent inhabitant, one Thomas Currie, landed on the island, and from time to time more settlers arrived, some of whom were of Dutch, Italian, and Asiatic origin. The British strain, however, still predominates. The people made their homes on the north-west side of the island, building substantial stone cottages and a church on a site which was afterwards called Edinburgh. In 1897 the population was sixty-four, in 1901 it was seventy-four, in 1909 it was ninety-five, and in 1921 nearly one hundred and twenty. The inhabitants manage their own affairs without written laws, and regard their pastor not only as a religious adviser but as doctor, dentist, and magistrate

A TYPICAL ISLAND DWELLING built of roughly-hewn stone and covered with thatch. The islanders, who number between 100 and 200, are industrious and deeply religious. They make their own clothes from the wool of their sheep, and largely depend on the potato crop

THE NEW PASTOR: The Rev. Harold Wilde, M.C., who will sail for his "island parish" at the end of this month

THE NEW NEON WARNING LIGHT AT RUGBY

The neon tubes are mounted on the uppermost of two platforms placed on a small steel tower. In the background are seen two of the 820 ft. wireless poles of the Rugby Station. The tower has been erected in a central position among the twelve giant wireless masts and should provide an effective warning to aviators in the vicinity. Work was begun upon it a short while before the Ruysselede crash, and it was given a dress rehearsal a few days ago when "The Sphere's" special photographer obtained these pictures

THE LATTICE WORK OF NEON TUBES GLOAM wireless station at Rug

THE PYLON

The Need fo

It is a tragic thing that the question of lights on wireless masts and overhead electric cable pylons should have emphasized its urgency with a trio o fatal crashes at the two most felicitous seasons of the year. In the case of the Imperial Airwa liner, *Apollo*, no adequate explanation seems to be forthcoming as to why an experienced pilot, flying a 'plane equipped with every facility for safe navigation, should have ventured as low as 300 ft. in thick fog when he was uncertain of his position. The obvious thing to do was to ascend into safety and obtain accurate information a little later. But even with this discounting of the danger of the Ruysselede pylons the *adequacy* of their lighting, and that of wireless and other pylons generally, must bear the light of inquiry. For the evil chance that befell Miss Evelyn Frost at Nevers, and two unfortunate Germans at Brunswick, might become, at *any* time during the next few months, the lot of *an* experienced private flier driven to make a force landing in fog, and without the aid of a wireless installation in constant communication with a statio There is, too, the fatal accident in which a pilot lost his life recently through losing control of his machine when trying to avoid a pylon.

Obviously, then, the "grid" system is a very great danger to aviators, and the more aviation increases the greater will this danger become. It is useless to put forward the argument that the pylons are not too high, that people ought not to run into them even in fog, and that only really efficient pilots well versed in night-flying ought to fly at night and in fog, for it is precisely to such pilots that the disasters have happened. The danger remains and must be remedied. And the only really sensible remedy is for the power cables to be laid underground, which would involve some millions of pounds, and years of adjustment.

The real disaster occurred in the Electricity Board's lack of foresight when the overhead system was decided upon. A false economy presumably led this country to lag behind a small country like Holland in a scheme fitted to modern conditions and well ahead of future contingencies. Practically the whole of Dutch electric power—90 per cent. at least—is cabled underground, and the risks of such accidents as those under discussion are obviously non-existent. Whether any steps will be taken to lay parts of our system underground—in the areas most subject to ordinary air traffic—remains to be seen. It cannot but be that this immensely expensive remedy will be

A WARNING TO AVIATORS : A general view of the newly-completed warning light at the G.P.O. It is in the centre of a network of wires, some of them 700 ft. above the light

DANGER TO AVIATORS

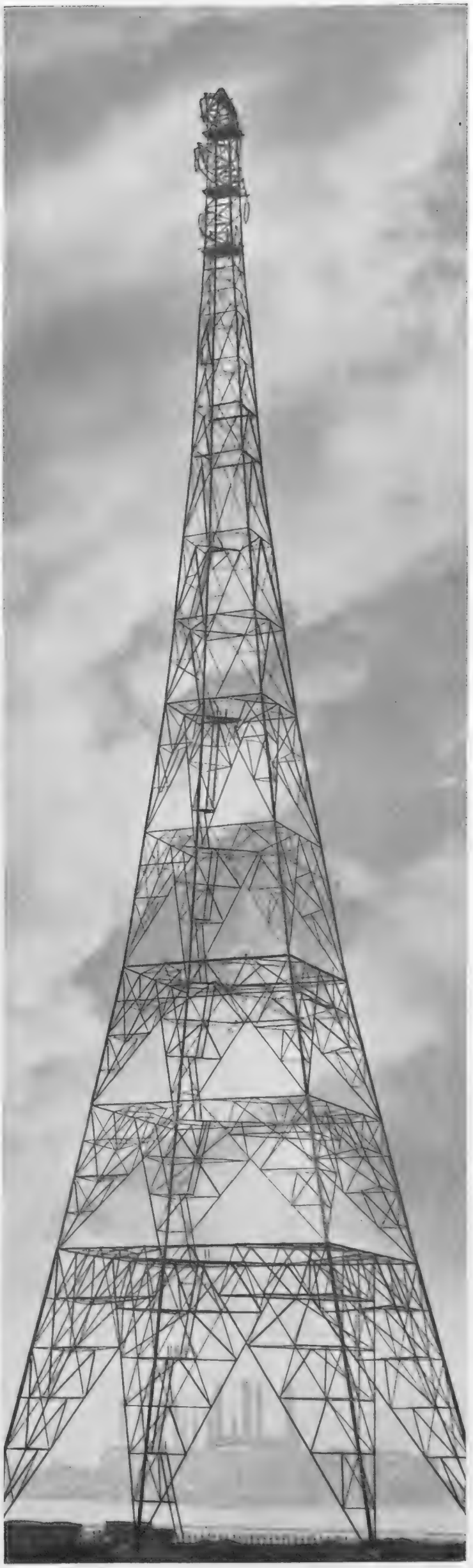
Adequate Lighting of Wireless Masts

the most economical in the long run. The alternative remedy is powerful warning lights on all the pylons and at intervals along the cables. This again is an expensive measure, since the supply of power could not be obtained from the main cable but would have to be carried on a separate cable with intermediate masts. So far all pylons within a certain distance of aerodromes are lit, and all those which follow, cross, or come into contact with the three Imperial routes. The Electricity Board, indeed, works in close co-operation with the Air Ministry in the providing of these lights and, moreover, in the running of the cables as far from aerodromes as possible. In some cases even they have altered the original position of the line. But even then the steps taken are not nearly thorough enough, and there is *no standardization of the lights*. Some pylons have red and white spot lights, as those in the valley of the Medway; others, such as the great pylons carrying the cables across the Thames at Dagenham, have a special marking in the shape of huge red neon tube crosses. These latter are really effective, and were they adopted *as a standard marking on all pylons*, easily recognizable for what they were, would go far to minimize risks.

From the pilot's point of view it is not possible on the whole in night-flying to mistake a lighted obstruction for a light on the ground—especially in a fairly familiar locality. And since the average height of all the pylons is 200 ft., none but a fool would cruise at 100 m.p.h. at that altitude, while the pilot making a forced landing, i.e. gliding, at 60 m.p.h., would have a very reasonable chance, even in the thickest fog, of seeing the

(Continued on p. 102)

SOME OF THE 26,265 PYLONS WHICH FORM THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY GRID: Most of the British grid towers, those with the pagoda-like tops, are from 70 to 80 ft. high and weigh about 6,900 lbs. A number of them are placed on the crests of hills and are therefore a special danger to aviators travelling in fog. *On right*—One of the giant towers at Dagenham where the grid cables cross the River Thames. These bear large neon light crosses



In the GRIP of the FOREST

The Stupendous Ruins of Angkor, Northern Cambodia, where Trees have Grown Between, and Destroyed, the Stonework of Many of the Great Temples

AN OVERGROWN GATEWAY AT ANGKOR, showing how the trees and creepers have torn apart the stones and done much to destroy the ancient buildings

A lasting memorial to the seeming futility of human endeavour lies hidden in the green, hot-steaming forests of Northern Cambodia. Lost for nearly a thousand years, the vast ruins of Angkor rise up to stun the senses, with their stupendous grandeur, and stand, a tombstone to their builders, the lost and little-known race of Khymers who, in the dim and distant past, came out from teeming India to build this city of temples. There is not the slightest real evidence to show why they came, nor the reason for their sudden evacuation of the city, but the state of all the buildings, other than the temples, points to the fact that the city was sacked.

These ruins, discovered by accident about eighty years ago, are now a wonder of the world. But, when first found, they were nearly dead. Down the centuries of splendid isolation they have fought the relentless forests whose roots have torn apart and thrown down great masses of stone, whilst vines have entwined themselves about their very vitals. They cover an area of twenty-five square miles and consist mainly of the Temple of Angkor Vat, the city of Angkor Thom, and several outlying temples. Everything else has gone, but the areas where the populace once lived can still be traced. Where once were noisy crowds, close-packed houses, and busy bazaars is now a solitude—a lonely wilderness of trees.

One stands overwhelmed before the superb grandeur of that vast Temple of Angkor Vat which raises its pyramidal bulk to the glory of the five cone-shaped towers, whose clear-cut beauty stands out against the blue of a cobalt sky. Square, and covering an area of 40,000 square yards, the temple is built of a hard, bluish-grey sandstone and rises in three splendid tiers. The long galleries which rim their edges are connected by flights of extraordinarily steep steps which need considerable agility to climb and much care to descend. The whole building is profusely carved and decorated with designs of all kinds—flowers, bamboos, dancing girls, and many battle scenes. In the lowest and longest of these galleries is a series of bas-reliefs which are unique in their hideous conception. They show either what evil-doers got when they went to hell, or what happened to those who were unfortunate enough to be captured by the ruling people. Whichever it is, the tortures show that the Khymers had the most fertile of imaginations.

When walking in the now deserted, silent, but sun-drenched courtyards or cool inner galleries, when peeping into one of the many empty shrines, it is easy to sense the populous past—the crowds of slowly-walking, dignified priests, bevies of giggling nautch girls, and throngs of worshippers. Almost as a vision there comes slowly along the mile of stone causeway leading to the temple a brilliant rainbow pageant, for the King is coming from his city to worship in the holy of holies. This was in the great central tower where Brahma sat enshrined. Now it is a dark, evil-smelling cavity from which comes the sound of a vast cistern being slowly filled by a ball-cock.

This is the squeaking of millions of bats which hang high up in the blackness. It is one of the sights of the place to come at sunset and watch them streaming out like wind-blown smoke to fill the air with the soft rustle of their wings. Standing close to this great tower there spreads out below and away to the haze of the horizon a panorama of deep, green velvet, a carpet of undulating tree tops.

The city of Angkor Thom, some distance away to the north, is entirely surrounded by a high wall and covers an area of over two square miles. This must have resembled the Forbidden City in Pekin in that it was a royal preserve and, in the heyday of its prosperity, must have been a truly regal township. The main very fine guard house leading into the city is approached by a stone causeway over a now dry moat. This is balustraded on both sides by two lines of huge, squatting figures each of which is holding a portion of a stone snake which once raised its five-headed hood in proud defiance.

The forest has leapt the walls and now fills most of the spacious grounds. As one walks down the straight road leading to the centre, the oppressive silence hems one in on all sides. Everywhere is the close-packed army of trees, tall and graceful, where the monkeys shatter the solitude by sudden and crashing retreats as one's presence becomes known. The heat is terrific, the air damp.

When nearing the centre of this wilderness one is held breathless by the sudden and startling appearance of that tormented, monstrous, and yet majestic pile, the Bayon. This was a temple, but its courtyards, galleries, and shrines are but a shadow of their former glory, for it has suffered from the ravages of great trees and from thick vines which have sprung up and torn down the carved stonework and wrecked the pavements with a ruthless savagery. They spring up with devastating inconsequence, and in some cases have entirely enclosed some of the smaller buildings in a tangle of earth-seeking, snake-like roots which force apart the stones in the eagerness of their rapid growth. On the far-flung, uneven roof of this temple is a multitude of cone-shaped towers each with the quadruple faces of Brahma. They stare into the dank, dark forest, giving an atmosphere at once weird and eerie in the extreme.

The Royal Palace and the Phimeanakas are now almost completely in ruins; but in some of the rooms and on the outsides of the galleries which still remain, but which are not easy to find, there are many quite remarkable bas-reliefs. These show intimate details of the everyday life of the court—a king who has lost a son, a marriage ceremony, and also a kind of rodeo which took the form of wrestling with the water buffalo. They appear to have been a very cheerful people, for many of the faces are smiling and some even laughing.

Climbing amid these ruins the heat is terrific, but in spite of this one can sense the ghosts of dead memories and atmospheric presence of those who once lived and seem to walk on phantom feet down the ruined remains of bygone glories.

Out beyond the far walls of the city is the small temple of Prah Khan. This is a gem of picturesque and soul-stirring beauty. The French have, with admirable and praiseworthy taste, left it almost as it was first discovered. Here, amid the courtyards, passages, and galleries, loveliness sits enshrined.

The French have done and are still doing wonderful and intelligent feats of clearing and reconstruction, but should there be another earth tremor such as was felt not long ago in Burma, the whole of these ruins will fall into unrecognizable piles of stone. Nothing could save them. The Bayon, for example, looks as if a strong gale could blow it down like a pack of cards.

Stephen Ponder

THE MAIN APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR VAT: The two priests in the foreground are still resident at the temple

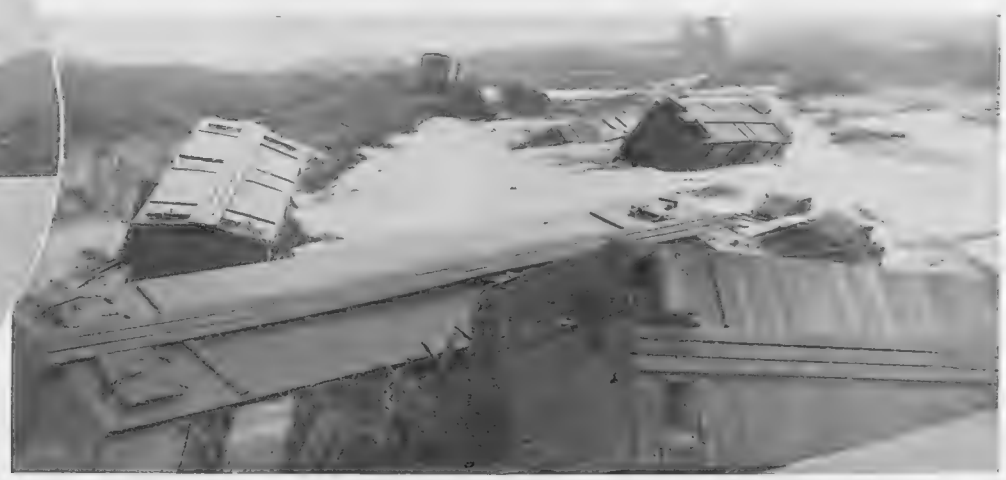
THE RELENTLESS FOREST: A wayside temple at Angkor, showing how a tall tree has taken root in the pavement before the entrance

FACES OF BRAHMA carved on one of the towers of an Angkor temple. Six heads can be found in this picture.

An EXPEDITION LEAVES for the ANTARCTIC

Floods Devastate Southern California

TO FLY ACROSS ANTARCTICA: *Left*—Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth seen with his wife prior to his departure from Dunedin, New Zealand. The expedition under Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth's leadership is sailing to the Bay of Whales on the edge of the Ross Sea. From here a flight will be made to the Weddell Sea in a long-range monoplane in an attempt to discover whether the polar continent is one land mass or two. *Right*—A new picture of Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth. *Circle*—The expedition's vessel leaving Otago Harbour, Dunedin



1933's VIOLENT FINALE: Railway freight cars wrecked during a storm in Southern California on New Year's Eve. Thirty-two people are known to have been drowned, and many more were seriously injured

WHERE HIS PREDECESSOR WAS ASSASSINATED: M. Tatarescu, the new Rumanian Premier, arriving at Sinaia for an interview with King Carol. He succeeds Dr. Duca who was murdered at Sinaia on December 29

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE NEW YEAR STORM IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Luckless drivers with their cars, which became embedded in the mud after a river near Los Angeles had broken its banks and flooded the surrounding countryside. Hundreds have been rendered homeless and many thousands of pounds' worth of damage has been done

SMUGGLERS versus CUSTOM

A Ceaseless War on the Borders of Holland an

WAITING FOR THE INVADERS: Customs officers and their dog keeping watch on the frontier. *Right*—Bicycles taken from smugglers attempting to make their way into Germany

AFTER THE ARREST
hand over all t
he can expec

CONTRABAND TOBACCO CAPTURED BY CUSTOMS OFFICERS: On the Dutch side of the frontier a packet of cigarettes is sold for 1s., on the German side the same packet may cost 3s. 4d. It is little wonder that smuggling abounds

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED: An arrest

The last few years have been remarkable for a general raising of tariffs in Europe and, in consequence, for a tremendous increase in smuggling. These pictures, taken on the borders of Holland and Germany, give an interesting insight into the constant war that is being waged between customs officers and smugglers. The German duties on such goods as flour, tobacco, coffee, tea, etc., are so high that smuggling, in spite of its risks, appears to be considered well worth while. Although the customs men are often outwitted they must be credited with many remarkable captures of ingeniously hidden contraband. Tobacco is often secreted in

S OFFICERS

d Germany

: If he is sensible the smuggler will
he goods in his possession, otherwise
t little clemency from the officials

CAUGHT IN THE ACT: As the expression on his face indicates, this man is thoroughly disgusted with his ill-luck in failing to get across the border. These days the small smuggler who possesses no high-powered car must be extremely quick-witted if he is to evade the highly experienced customs officers

std smuggler with a customs officer

A CHASE THROUGH THE WOODS: Customs officers pursuing a smuggler. *Left*—A smuggler's car captured on the border. It has double sides and a double ceiling

TRACKS ON THE FRONTIER: Most of the smugglers wear rubber shoes as the customs men are continually searching for footprints. This officer is using a magnifying glass

he false floors and sides of cars, while innocent-looking farm carts
re ently contain hidden chambers which it is well-nigh impossible to
et t without a prolonged search. Some of the more daring smugglers
se high-powered, bullet-proof cars, and of late months there have
ce reports of many fierce encounters on the border. There are
ix officers for every kilometre of the Dutch and German frontier,
ut even this formidable force, it is feared, is beginning to prove
ne quate. In the opinion of the Dutch authorities the only solution
o he problem lies in an all round reduction of tariffs.

BIG BUSINESSES OF TO-DAY (I)

A QUARTER OF A MILE OF GROUND-FLOOR WINDOWS: Shoppers inspecting the bargains displayed at Harrods during the January sales

It is hard to know where to begin one's account of a great departmental store, its size is so staggering, its wages bill is so colossal, and its staff is so tremendous. How would you like to control a force of anything from 6,000 to 7,000 men and women? By the law of averages at least one must get married every five days, and another must die every ten days. Resignations take a toll of one per working day all the year round, while necessary discharges involve a loss of two every three days. Think of the replacements—with each newcomer a comparative responsibility, even liability, until he or she have proved themselves. True, you can and must insure yourself against the bad faith of your employees just as you must insure your motor vans and lorries against accidents and third-party risks, and protect your store against damage by fire and water, not forgetting your ordinary employer's liability. That little item of insurance alone will set you back a neat £17,000 a year if you are Sir Woodman Burbidge.

In one week before the January sales 1,150 girls had to be taught at the store how to be saleswomen. They had to learn that in account transactions they must use the sanction telephone for any order under £5, and go in person to the lower sanction office if it is more. They must learn about shopping cards, postage, double address, flimsies, labels, and all the rest of it.

The extraordinary thing about a great store is that there are at least two people in the background for each one you see. The wages bill in this particular establishment is no less than £780,000 a year, which is half the total overhead of £1,560,000. You can realize, therefore, that the firm has to take some millions a year to show a profit. On the first day of the sale last year no less than £180,000 was taken, nearly £500,000 was taken in the week. This year both figures have been exceeded.

Now let us start at the top of the list of the employees. We will set aside people in the managerial offices. Well, there are a hundred buyers and twenty departmental managers—groceries, furs, wines, and women's fashions being the four chief departments. You have one woman buyer for coats, four for gowns, one for costumes, two for millinery, one for corsets, one for stockings, and two for underwear. And so it goes. There is also a "fashion co-ordinator"—a woman who collects information about the trends of fashion and whose business it is to see that they are interpreted throughout the house; though not too far ahead.

Setting aside the other buyers, let us start at the beginning of things, because until you have bought something, obviously you cannot sell it. At the start of each year the buyers are asked for an estimate of their probable total sales for the next six months. This is vetted in the manager's office, and it is then decided from previous experience and from the amount of stock in hand, together with trade prospects generally, how much they should have in the way of purchasing power. This is allocated monthly, with further checkings up on the first of each month. The shoe buyer, for example, is given £25,000 to spend for the next six months. He goes to Northampton, Norwich, Kettering, Paris, Barcelona, Vienna, and one or two cities in Italy. At these various places he visits the firms he knows and learns about the others. Carrying his stock orders in his bag he knows just how much he has to buy, as well as the price, style, and colour for repeat orders. He is also looking all the time for new lines. After his visit to the Continent he will, if he can, get the latest fashions copied in England. It is always an advantage to buy in this country. There is no exchange trouble. Telephone calls can be put in to hurry up manufacturers any minute. It is quite a mistaken idea, anyway, that buyers like to travel abroad.

After the buyer has made an end of his purchases, he returns to the store to write the final order. This is checked up and is then sent to the receiving-room to await the arrival of the goods. The order is once more checked—against the goods. The goods are ticketed and are passed into stock. In the shoe sale-room, incidentally, there are seventeen employees who sell, and thirteen who do not—an even higher proportion than usual of people behind the scenes compared with those who are visible.

Let us now presume that a pair of shoes is sold. If it is paid by cash that is the end of it. If it is an account order it must be sanctioned, which involves further processes upstairs, where there are 300 clerks on the sales ledgers making out accounts. Supposing the order is sanctioned the pair of shoes is sent down the chute for despatch. This department has 540 people working in it, including 175 van drivers, 190 porters, 80 clerks, and 95 packers. Even that may not be the end of it. Supposing the shoes do not fit, or are returned because they are the wrong colour or size. The process is then reversed. It is called for by the van. It is put in the returns room department. It then works back to the credit account, and so into stock.

That, in a nutshell, is the principle of a modern departmental store. It never occurs to one to realize how enormously heavy the cost of distribution must be, for overhead expenses include clerks, stock-keepers, packers, porters, model girls, the mail order department, an advertising staff, transport workers, and the administratives. In the counting-house alone there are 690 employees; 300, as I have said, are busy making out accounts; correspondence clerks and letter-writing take up the time of another 133; a similar number is employed with telephone orders and mail orders. There are 16 permanently in the returns room, and another 96 receiving the original goods from the makers.

Yes, a departmental store is just like a small town. When I tell you that this store covers a greater area than St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, and the Tower of London—in fact, a space in the County of London approximately equal to that of the London Docks — you will guess at once that I have been visiting Harrods.

EASTER EGGS IN THE MAKING:

THE EMPLOYEES' RESTAURANT: Where over 10,000 meals are served each day. There are one hundred employees in the staff kitchens

CLOCKING IN: Employees

A Tour of Harrods, where Nearly £1,000,000 Worth of Goods is Kept in Stock, and where Over £750,000 is Paid Out in Wages Each Year

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF HARRODS: Sir Woodman Burbidge at his desk

It has a quarter of a mile of ground-floor windows and more than 12,000,000 cub. ft. of actual trading space. This one store actually uses more electric light every year than the whole of the town of Folkestone. If that is not Big Business nothing is. Over 10,000 meals a day are served for the staff alone, which involves a further 100 employees in the staff kitchens.

At any moment the goods in the store are worth between £900,000 and £1,000,000. Particularly interesting figures are those which refer to the annual turnover of individual items. Poultry, for example, "turns over" 187 times a year. When you make allowance for the fifty-two Sundays, you will realize how frequent this is. Meat "turns over" 103 times a year. Fruit does it 202 times a year. Fashions have a complete turnover every week. Pianos turn their stock every ten weeks.

There will always be a measure of "thrust and parry" between buyers and sellers, although the buyers do not make their purchases without advice from the sellers, and are further aided by the system of the wants slip. This is a slip on which everything is written down which has been asked for in the store that day and which is not in stock. A good deal of comedy is provided by this. Just as budding authors send their friends round asking booksellers for their latest book, so friends of the manufacturers of new lines go round inquiring for them, and expressing indignation if they are not available. Even ladies of title and generals are sometimes pressed into service in this way. There are various jokes about people who ask for white elephants and second-hand coffins, to test a store's ability to provide anything, but they are not founded on fact. But I like the story of the small boy, the son of a famous air ace, who wrote last term from his preparatory school at Seaford for an inexpensive but effective stink bomb to throw at his French master.

In addition to the selling department there are various service sections such as those of theatre tickets and travel, neither of which is expected to pay its way. There is also the circulating library of 12,000 subscribers and 56 attendants.

We will now make a tour of the store with Mr. Richard Burbidge, the general manager. As we make our way out of his offices he talks of the staff council. It is a body of fifty employees who meet once a fortnight in the winter and once a month in the summer. They are elected from various "constituencies," in other words, departments. They organize whist drives. They discuss the welfare and improvement of the store. They go into the matter of overtime and general conditions. They are able as a body to pass on criticisms of superiors without getting the individual complainant into trouble. They also have certain privileges such as signing their name when they enter the store in the morning instead of clocking in. They are, in fact, the staff M.P.s.

In our tour of the store we avoid as far as possible the sales rooms, and a series of factories (yes, I mean factories) are disclosed. There is, for example, the fur factory. Near by it are 200 girls busy on fashion garments. Then there is the silver factory where silver coating is done, where the engraving of your initials or crest is put on. There is a cardboard box factory, for in this store all the cardboard boxes are made on the premises. There is a boot repairing factory with ten or fifteen men hard at work all the time. There is a chocolate factory. There is a stamping factory, where letter heads are put on by girls swivelling around what look like large dumbbells. There is even a saddlery factory with nine men hard at work fixing trunks, and so on.

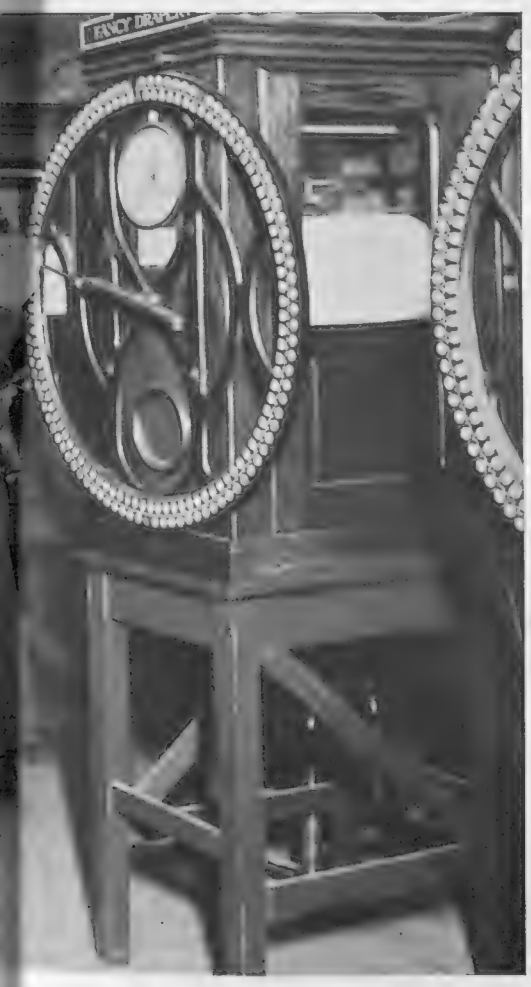
One of the most pleasant parts of this tour behind the scenes is the variety of pleasant odours, each confined to its own department. The keen scent of pine needles permeates the drug dispensary. Here a hundred prescriptions a day are made up and nine tons of bath salts were manufactured last week. Incidentally, all nine tons were sold in the same period. In the chocolate factory there is a delicious tang of toffee, as well as the pleasant odour of Easter eggs which are already being made for the end of March. There is a grand odour of fresh Dundee cake in the bakery, and the admirable, indefinable odour of the sherry and brandy in the wine cellars. Your mouth waters at the flavour of York hams in the grocery warehouse. Perhaps, best of all, is the smell of freshly roasted coffee a few yards away.

Though we walked steadily all over the building for two hours, I saw only the half of it. I missed, for example, the motor repairing shop with its thirty employees. We passed by the department where the store makes its own soda water, ginger beer, and ginger ale. I got only a glimpse of the refrigerating rooms, and the poultry department, and the fancy jewellery, but I was fascinated by the men making sausages, and had time to pat a golden retriever and an Aberdeen in the kennels which are set aside for the dogs of clients. This is quite a point, by the way. The management has no objection whatever to well-behaved dogs going round the store on a lead with their owners. It is the other clients who object. There is always the danger of a dog fight, as well as of old ladies tripping over the lead. I also saw a huge incinerator in which all the refuse —heads of cauliflower, squashed tomatoes, boxes and the like—were being burned. I was told that it would cost the store £30 a week in cartage if it did not burn its own waste products.

Perhaps the most interesting place of all was the huge room where all the goods purchased, and which are not taken away by the clients personally, are assembled in bins and are later removed by trolley to the waiting motor vans. In one bin there were parcels of shoes, gloves, cutlery, brandy, sheets, and a child's suit. Each had its label,

(Continued on p. 102)

Preparing the chocolate casings



returning after the lunch hour

THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL through which goods are conveyed by trolley to the waiting delivery vans

OUR POSTBAG: PICTURES FROM "SPHERE" READERS

A NEW PORT ON THE EASTERN COAST OF INDIA: A view of the entrance to the harbour at Vizagapatam which Lord Willingdon officially opened on December 19. When the full development scheme is completed there will be over fifty fully equipped berths for ocean-going vessels

THE FAMOUS "BROWN DERBY" RESTAURANT AT HOLLYWOOD, the proprietor of which, Mr. Herbert K. Somborn, has just died. He was a former husband of Gloria Swanson, the film star

CHANGING VENICE: When the new road into the city was completed last year, the large garage, which is shown in this picture, was erected in order to accommodate the many hundreds of cars requiring an all-day parking place. The building is certainly not a beautiful architectural addition to Venice, but lovers of the famous city will be relieved to see that the authorities have carefully tucked it away in one of the least imposing quarters

"SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD THAT IS FOR EVER ENGLAND": The little-known cemetery at Shanhaikwan, Northern China, where six members of His Majesty's Forces are buried. A brass tablet on the gateway states that "the cemetery is open to all without distinction of race or religious persuasion." Shanhaikwan is a garrison town at the eastern extremity of the Great Wall of China, and was the scene of fierce fighting during the recent Sino-Japanese War

A Remarkable West African School Presents a Greek Play

Education of the African native is proceeding rapidly. By some it has been urged as a necessity, by others it has been vehemently condemned. The fact remains, however, that all over the continent experiments are being made and there is no doubt that some of these will, in time, be proved to have been justified.

The picture at the foot of this page is remarkable in that it reveals a state of native educational development on the Gold Coast which is probably unique. The boys of St. Nicholas' Grammar School, Cape Coast, are shown giving a presentation of the *Antigone*, the choruses of which were delivered in Greek.

The school, which was founded in 1752 by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has as its headmaster the Reverend A. J. Knight—an enthusiastic educationalist who has attempted to run St. Nicholas' on the lines of an English Public School. Latin and Greek are now important subjects in the curriculum, and, judging by the success of this production, the boys appear to have made extraordinarily rapid progress.

A correspondent writes: "I was amazed at the very idea of these African lads learning Greek, and when the play was first mooted I scoffed at the suggestion that they should tackle such a thing. I do not think it could happen in any other town in West Africa, for Cape Coast is unique in its English traditions which date back at least 270 years without interruption. In this play the boys doffed their European clothing and wore their own togas, which are very costly and beautiful."

A GREEK PLAY PRESENTED BY AFRICAN SCHOOLBOYS: A scene during the remarkable production of the *Antigone* given by the coloured students of St. Nicholas' Grammar School, Cape Coast, Gold Coast Colony. A note on the subject appears in the right-hand column

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THE BEAUTY OF THE WOODLANDS: Hoar frost on Blindley Heath, Surrey

AROUND ENGLAND

Pictures from Essex, Herefordshire, and Surrey

THE QUAYSIDE AT OLD LEIGH, ESSEX: An association has been formed with the object of acquiring and preserving old properties which are threatened with demolition

MORNING GLORY: The winter sun penetrates the mist in a Herefordshire woodland

THE "CROOKED BILLET" AT OLD LEIGH: A quaint old inn in the little port and fishing village. Leigh has many historic associations, and in the early days was used as a base for fitting out fleets for action against the Danes. Henry VIII is known to have stayed there during his courtship of Anne Boleyn, whose home was at Rochford Hall nearby. John Constable, the landscape painter also lived for a time in one of the old houses in the High Street

THE LORD MAYOR'S PARTY

And Other London Pictures

THE ANNUAL JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress receiving their youthful guests. Over 400 children were present

WATCHING THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW, which was one of the features of the entertainment provided by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for their guests. There was also dancing in the Egyptian Hall

GUESTS AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL PETER PAN PARTY which was held at Claridge's last week in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Marchioness of Cambridge (centre, background), chairman of the committee, received the guests and judged the fancy dress parade

THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE STAGE: Sir Cedric Hardwicke with his wife and baby. He has just recovered from an attack of influenza

DEAN INGE leaving Christ Church, Victoria Street, S.W., after delivering an address on "The Temptations of Middle Age." The Dean said that "about the age of fifty there often came on a sort of fatty degeneration of the conscience, a cirrhosis of the moral sense"

THREE-YEAR OLD SALLY BARKER who won first prize as a "Victorian Lady" at the Peter Pan Party at Claridge's. The Queen sent two prizes, and Princess Beatrice and Princess Marie Louise were patrons

LILI DAMITA AND GEORGE ROBEY, who are to appear together in *Here's How*, which begins at the Saville next month. Miss Damita has achieved considerable success in American films

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: *Left*—A portrait of Sir Thomas Cverbury by an unknown artist. Overbury was poisoned in the Tower of London in 1613, the victim of the deadly vengeance of the Countess of Essex whose enmity he had aroused through his opposition to her divorce. *Right*—The 12th Earl of Meath, by the late Sir William Orpen. The earl was responsible for the institution of Empire Day

ART NEWS OF THE WEEK

Last week, visitors to the National Portrait Gallery were enabled to see, for the first time, the pictures which have been acquired during the last few months. Some of them are supplying a long-felt want, being portraits of famous people not hitherto represented in the Gallery. They cover a wide range, from the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury down to Mr. George Moore, who died last year. They include notabilities in the political world, such as Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward, both of whom have been Prime Ministers of New Zealand, both pictures being by Sir William Orpen; great figures in the realm of art and literature during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; men of action, soldiers and discoverers, and Fred Archer, "The Demon Jock," whose record of winning mounts in one season (1885) was not beaten till last year. The portrait, by Orpen, of the Earl of Meath, the veteran philanthropist—remembered for the institution of Empire Day—painted in very brilliant colours, was presented by the Empire Day Movement. One of the most original and interesting of the portraits is that of Colonel Frederick Burnaby, famous for his daring ride across the steppes of Tartary in the winter of 1875. The portrait is by Tissot, who has painted the dashing soldier, lounging on a couch in a sitting-room, with all the delightful detail which the artist knew so well how to use with full effect. Another attractive portrait is a water-colour, by G. F. Watts, of Lord John Russell, Prime Minister of England on two occasions, but chiefly remembered for the great part he played in the passing of the first Reform Bill of 1832

"GEORGE MOORE," by FRANCIS DODD: Another recent acquisition of the National Portrait Gallery

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL," by G. F. WATTS: A water-colour portrait of the famous British statesman who was twice Prime Minister

A HOAX IN THE ART WORLD: This freak picture of a lady and gentleman reclining on a fish stall is entitled "Dix-sept Personnes" and has been exhibited at the Warren Art Gallery as the work of Rognon de la Flèche. The artist is now revealed as Lady Harris, who painted the picture as a joke. Several critics have been trapped into giving the work their serious attention

"THE DEMON JOCK": A picture of Fred Archer, which is among the many notable additions to the National Portrait Gallery. The famous jockey was born at Cheltenham in 1857 and rode his first race at the age of thirteen. He won the Derby five times, the Oaks four, the St. Leger no less than six, and the 2,000 Guineas on five occasions

RUDOLF AND ELENA: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, one of the best-known married couples acting together on the stage, in a scene from *Reunion in Vienna*—the successful comedy at the Lyric

ACTRESSES OF TO-DAY: By PHILIP PAGE

The Success of Elisabeth Bergner and Lynn Fontanne — Constance Bennett has a Difficult Task in Her Latest Film

The outstanding success at the present moment of two actresses who are visitors, Miss Elisabeth Bergner and Miss Lynn Fontanne, has resulted in inevitable comments, some of them inevitably foolish. That these two foreign ladies (yes, I know that Miss Fontanne is English by birth) should be nestling side by side in Shaftesbury Avenue, at the Apollo and Lyric respectively, and, if not scooping the pool, being in a large degree the means of a considerable portion of the money London spends on amusements being paid into those theatres, affords grounds for the familiar attacks on native talent.

Karl Marx declared that John Stuart Mill owed his eminence to the flatness of the surrounding country. That is not the explanation of the triumph of Miss Bergner and Miss Fontanne, though they would have been surrounded with less flatness thirty years ago.

But it is not true to say, as it has been said, that English actresses of to-day handicap themselves because they are over-anxious to talk like "ladies" while Miss Bergner and Miss Fontanne do not adopt the tones of English "refanement," a complaint which is the King Charles's head of my distinguished colleague, Mr. St. John Ervine. Miss Bergner is an Austrian who speaks broken English (very fluently and charmingly), who cannot be expected to know anything about the accents of either Stratford-atte-Bow or West Kensington, and is far too big a person to worry about them, anyway. Miss Fontanne has an attractive, natural voice, rather of the Irene Vanbrugh flavour, on which long sojourn in America has left its mark. She is extremely brilliant, though not impeccable.

Miss Bergner is a genius before whom I grovel in wonderment and adulation. I still think that her performance in *Escape Me Never!* is an insufficient test for the another-Bernhardt stakes; I am convinced she is in the front rank "and then some" because she has played exquisitely far greater parts in her own country, in one of which I have seen her, and because audiences in Mittel-Europa are less easily bluffed than our own.

Mr. Cochran's defence of her rôle at the Apollo is sincere but, I think, unfortunate; I agree that those who saw only *The Last Supper* or heard only the Requiem Mass would not doubt the genius of Leonardo da Vinci or Mozart. But the author of *Escape Me Never!* is so lamentably distant from the plane of Leonardo da Vinci or Mozart that one is only tantalized by the shackles fastened on the Bergner by this play. No living actress could play her part in it better, though one or two, I think, could play it as well. But there *are* things that the Bergner can do that no one else can.

To return to this "refaned accent" bogey. Is it really so great an obsession with our English actresses? Surely not. I could name a few minor ones troubled with it. There is one young woman —she would certainly prefer to be called a young lady—who narrows down her vowels, and talks with such an indefatigable suburban refinement whatever part she plays (and one of her most recent parts was that of an American girl in an American piece), that she rouses in me latent homicidal tendencies. These are growing less and less latent with each engagement she accepts—she is rarely without an engagement—and I am afraid for the future of both of us.

But who among our well-known actresses has the "refanement" bug? Certainly not Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Lilian Braithwaite or Miss Ellis Jeffreys, even if Miss Jeffreys is more like a duchess than any real duchess can ever hope to be. Miss Gertrude Lawrence is full of mannerisms, but this is not one of them. Miss Fay Compton is not "refaned," nor are Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Flora Robson, Miss Margaret Bannerman (who has an attractive Canadian flavour), Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Nora Swinburne, Miss Margaret Rawlings, Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, Miss Edith Evans, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Miss Mimi Crawford, Miss Celia Johnson, Miss Viola Tree, and many other clever actresses I could name. Those who twist their mother-tongue into a means of impressing audiences with their immaculate social status are almost invariably the second-raters.

If we have not a Bergner among us, it is not because our actresses are snobs; the reason is less superficial than that—and less curable. Critics of this aspect of the modern stage are on the wrong tack.

They are also on the wrong tack when they declare that we are without our Keans and Irvings and Trees because many actors play golf and have been to public schools. "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our golf but in ourselves." Besides, we have plenty of admirable actors, and I do not see how the wearing of an old school-tie can lessen their ability.

Moran and Mack.—Among the more joyous things for which we have to be grateful to America are Mickey Mouse (together with the Three Little Pigs, the Silly Symphonies, and other creations of that rare genius, Mr. Walt Disney) and the Two Black Crows, in the persons of Messrs. Moran and Mack. And now one of the "crows," Mr. Charles Mack, has died, killed in a motor smash, and tragedy has formed the grim finale to a professional career of exquisitely original comedy.

London knew Moran and Mack "in the flesh" only by their appearance in a Hippodrome revue in which, leaning lazily on each side of the proscenium arch, they exchanged remarks which made the rest of that entertainment seem to me as nothing. But their gramophone records were known to millions of all types; one of my recollections is of a bishop asking me after a dinner party (anxiously expecting the answer "No") whether I had heard the latest Black Crow Record and then putting on, after winding up the machine with the episcopal fist, some nonsense about a chicken-farm and becoming a schoolboy again. Their slow, languid dialogue was the essence of irresponsible humour. Who will ever forget the comment of one Black Crow on the other Black Crow's musical effort—"Even if that was *good*, I wouldn't like it!" Or the tired protest, "Why bring *that* up?"

Alas! it is impossible to reproduce their humour in print, and it is almost impossible to imitate them, though the attempt has been made. Most black-up comedians make me yearn for a black-out; but to Moran and Mack one could listen for hours. One can only be grateful that the gramophone has preserved their entertainment for their present-day admirers and for the posterity which is just round the corner.

So far this year I have spent exactly one shilling on entertainment, and have received at least one pound's worth in exchange. The Charing Cross Road on a chill and foggy evening is not an attractive spot; it no longer has even the smell of pickle-making to enliven it. So I bethought me of the Tatler—not our distinguished contemporary, but the picture theatre of that name. Both can be sampled for the humble bob.

An all-Disney programme was a seasonable inspiration. The only drawback in that film of genius, *Three Little Pigs*, is that the *leit motif* (for Walt has his Wagnerian touches) is so haunting that it becomes an infernal nuisance and sticks in the ears for ever, like the fur in the ears of a Hielan' mon. "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" is a polka of, I suspect, a vintage *circa* 1880. As an accompaniment to the astounding adventures of three piglets chased by a nightmare wolf it is even more appropriate than is Schubert's "Marche Militaire" to the procession of toys in Mr. Disney's other brilliant effort, *Santa Klaus's Workshop*.

This Santa Klaus film does, with its amazingly fantastic drawing and its fine sense of colour, what the producers of human pantomimes have been trying to do for generations. Adults, even the most sophisticated, succumb at once both to its fun and to its sheer technical perfection. Children give tongue with just that tone of delight which shows they are in paradise. And no one wants telling that the shrill and joyful screams of a couple of hundred kiddies is "a happy noise to hear."

At the Plaza.—Miss Constance Bennett is so glamorously lovely that she can be relied on to carry most poor films on her shapely shoulder, for she is an admirable little actress in addition. But I fear even she is crushed by the ineffable silliness of *Bed of Roses* which I have just seen at the Plaza.

The authors of this film decided to put the beauteous Constance into prison (the dirty dogs), and then to make her, after a series of incredible adventures on her release, settle down as the wife of a bargee. It is the business of an actress, even on the films, to act and not just to be herself. And, as I have said, Constance Bennett can act, as could her father, whom I saw in a piece at the Duke of York's Theatre some years ago. But to make her an ex-convict and the wife of a bargee is not Connie's line of country at all.

"Little Women."—Joan Bennett, an almost equally glamorous sister, puts up an excellent performance in a "talkie" version of Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*, in which the chief star is Katharine Hepburn. This seventy-year-old romance, of which a silent film was made in the very early days of flickerdom, wears well, and I cannot imagine it being handled better, whether photographically, histrionically, or "directorially." These million-dollar ladies of Hollywood have a rather too sophisticated air for the mild sentiment that comes out of the same stable as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but they conceal it cleverly enough and, as a stable, it is to be preferred to that which gives us the crooner, and the gangster, and the cop, and the dope-dealer, and the gold-digger, and the other stock-characters of the modern American film, which has nearly, though not quite, reached the stage of development achieved by the legitimate theatre when *Little Women* was first published.

"Sourire de Paris."—There are certain French wines which, the experts tell us, will not "travel." Usually they are the cheap ones. *Sourire de Paris*, the new revue at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has travelled only in the literal sense that it has crossed the Channel. What bouquet it ever had seems to have evaporated completely. It belongs to the type that, save in the matter of superbly expensive scenery, is very cheap indeed.

Mr. Harry Pilcer, who seems to possess the spirit of eternal youth, for he is just as slim and energetic as he was when we saw him at the Palace in the War days, is far too good an artist to have to stagger about the stalls with a champagne bottle, pretending to be drunk; Mr. Frederic Bentley, too, is worthy of better material than that which was given him. There is, however, some good dancing, performed by young women of the standard shapeliness.

"THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP": A scene from the new comedy at the Vaudeville. Joe Stuyvesant (Basil Foster, left) has returned home after spending eight months in a monastery. He finds that all is not well between his wife (Barbara Couper) and the dour Scot (Alistair Sim), who is regretting his promise to marry her as soon as she obtains her divorce

IN THE FILM WORLD

Pencil Sketches of Some British Stars

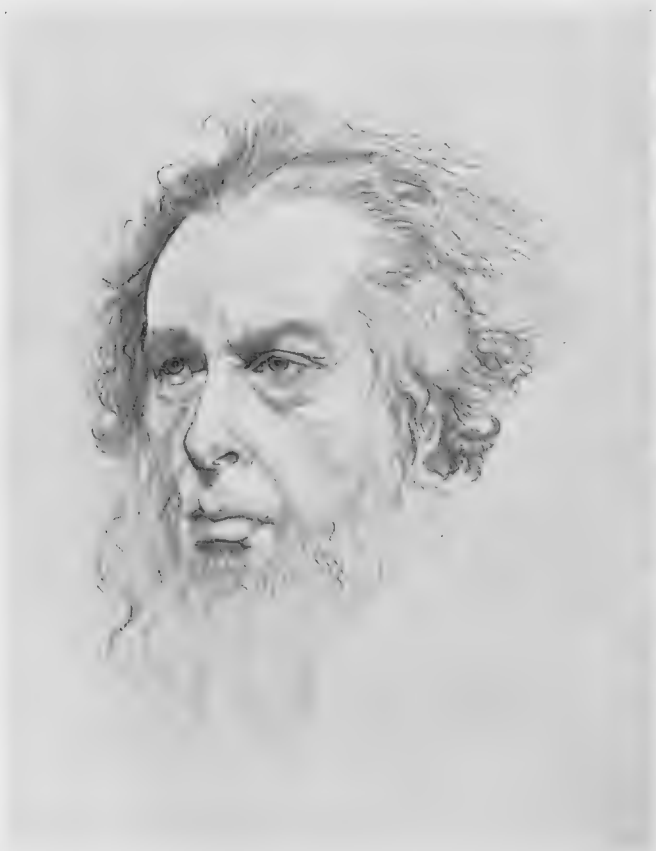
IN THE GAUMONT-BRITISH FILM, "JEW SÜSS": A pencil sketch of Dennis Hoey in the part of Kaspar Dieterle, the degenerate hawker, who in Feuchtwanger's famous novel murders a young girl and transfers the blame to a Jewish business rival. The film version of the story is now in production at Shepherd's Bush

MAKING THE FILM VERSION OF "EVERGREEN": Shooting a scene in the Gaumont-British Studios. Sonnie Hale as a theatrical magnate, and Barry Mackay (left) as a publicity agent. The latter is making his film debut

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND: Robertson Hare, who has scored another success in the screen comedy *Turkey Time*

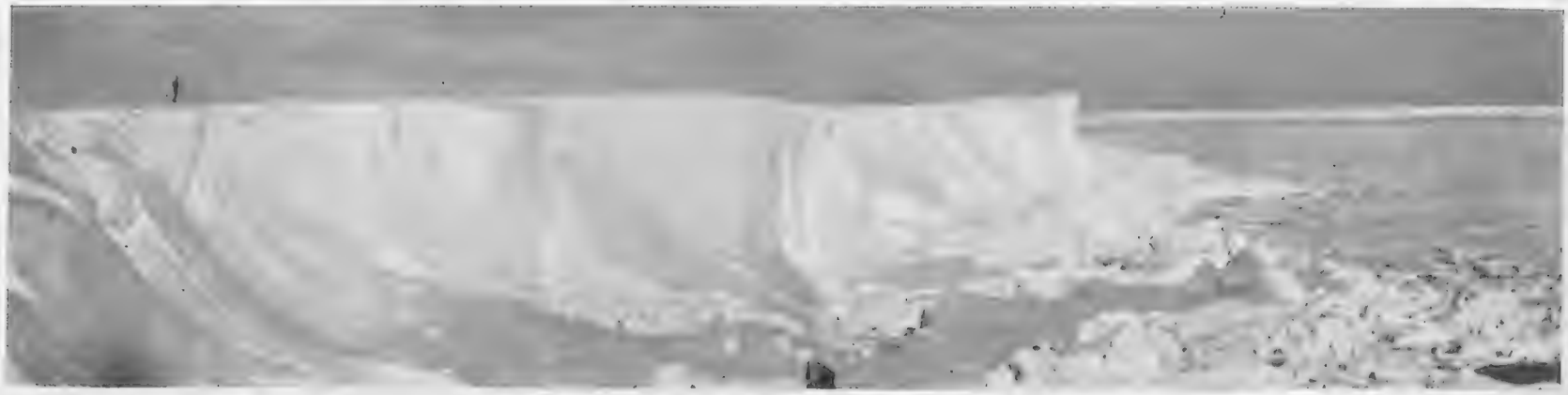
PAUL GRAETZ AS LANDAUER, Court Treasurer to the Duchy of Würtemberg, as he appears in *Jew Süss*

"THE BOWERY" AT THE NEW GALLERY: Wallace Beery as Chuck Connors, the saloon keeper, and Fay Wray as Lucy, the girl whom he rescues from white slave traffickers

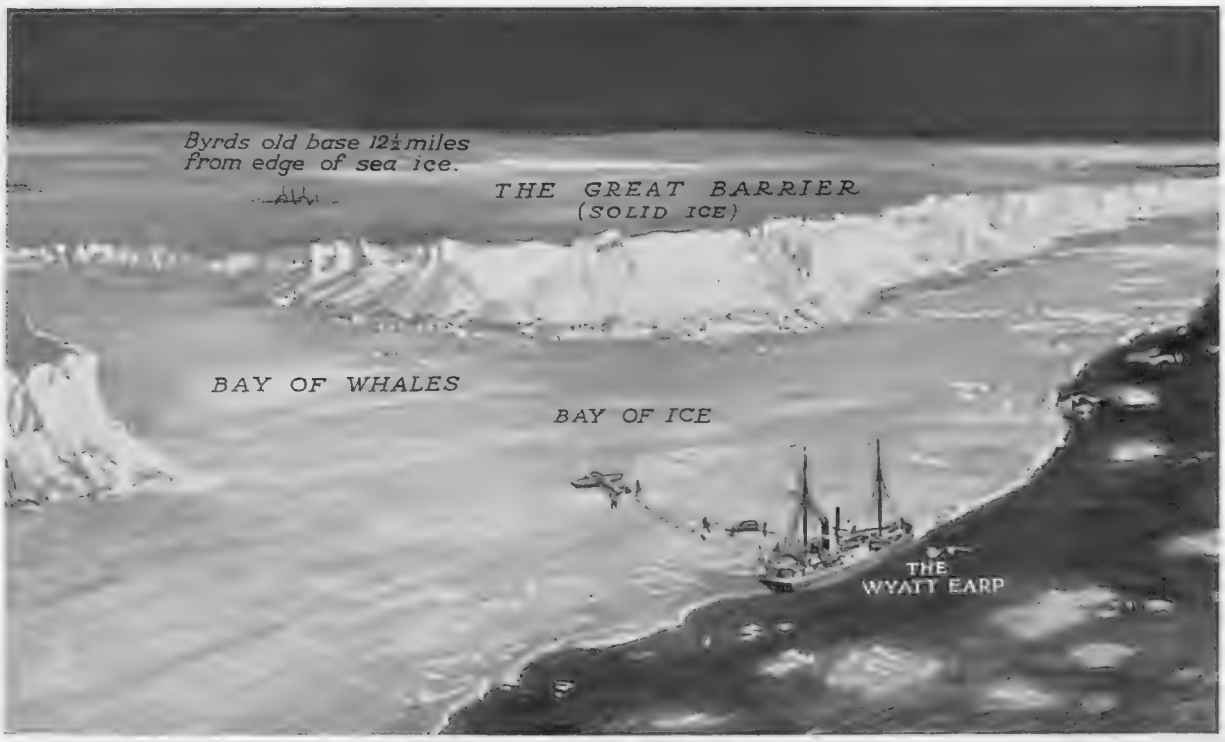


A SURE BET: Steve Brodie (George Raft), who delights in playing tricks on his slower-witted rival, has bet Chuck Connors (Wallace Beery) that he has a fighter who can wipe the floor with Chuck's ring protégé, "Bloody Butch." Steve's man takes the ring wearing a mask and quickly knocks out his opponent. After the fight he reveals himself as John L. Sullivan, the heavyweight champion

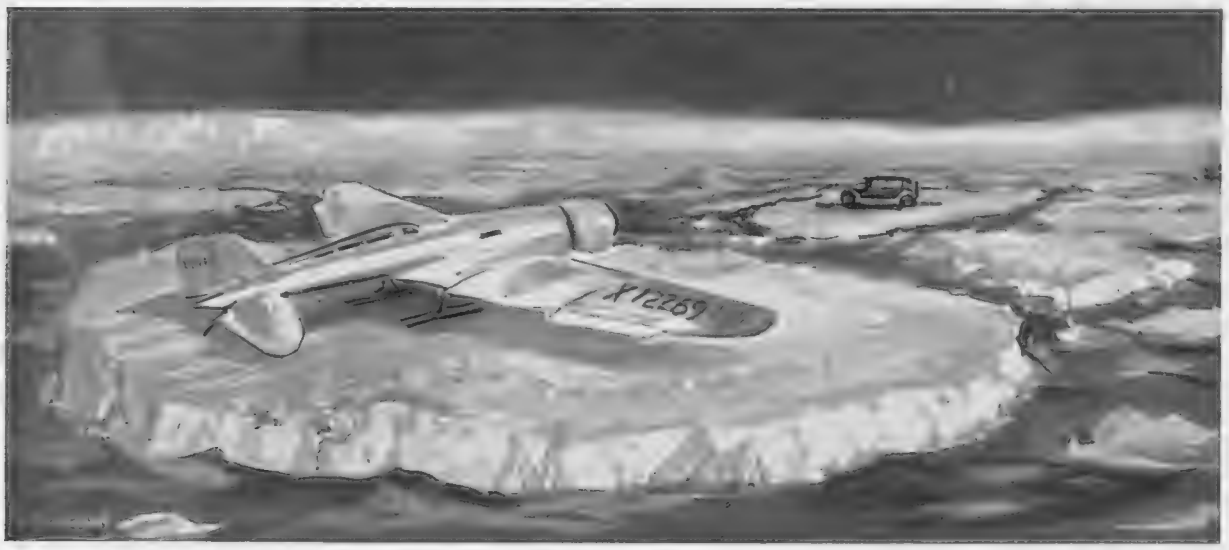
On left—SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE: A pencil sketch of the distinguished actor as the Rabbi Gabriel in *Jew Süss*. The sketches on this page are the work of P. Eton



THE GREAT ICE BARRIER OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT with shore ice in the right foreground. It was on this Barrier that Amundsen and Byrd pitched their base camps



HOW THE LINCOLN-ELLSWORTH EXPEDITION DARED THE DANGERS OF THE BAY OF WHALES: This diagram shows the *Wyatt Earp*, the expedition's ship, tied up against the edge of the sea-ice upon which was landed the *Pole Star* aeroplane in readiness for the South Pole flight. The scenery here consists wholly of ice



THE "POLE STAR" AFLOAT ON A PIECE OF SHORE ICE: Caught by the suddenness of the break-up of the sea-ice which appeared alluringly flat, the *Pole Star* narrowly escaped sinking to the bottom of the Polar sea. She slipped into a crack and the working floe threatened her with destruction. The small area of ice on which the 'plane floated measured only 60 ft. in length by about 15 to 20 ft. in thickness. The expedition's motor-car was afloat on another piece of ice

THE LINCOLN-ELLSWORTH EXPEDITION'S SET-BACK

An astonishing narrative has reached civilization from the Antarctic. It concerns the Lincoln-Ellsworth Expedition, which arrived at the Bay of Whales on the 8th of this month. The plans of the expedition were illustrated in THE SPHERE of July 29; it was stated there that a specially constructed monoplane was to endeavour to fly from the Great Barrier across the South Pole to the Weddell Sea and back again to its original base. This 'plane was safely conveyed 17,322 miles to the edge of the Barrier in a small steamer christened the *Wyatt Earp*. On arrival at the Bay of Whales she lay up against the shore ice, which completely filled the Bay. The inlet, known as the Bay of Whales, is a persistent feature, but its natural shape alters materially, and British expedition commanders have for this reason avoided it.

Apparently all went well during the first few days. The aeroplane was assembled on the ice near the ship; the commander was evidently fascinated by the ten-mile runway of smooth ice. After a day or so of preparation he expected to set out on his greatest flight. And a trial flight at varying speeds was accomplished, and Byrd's old camp sighted, together with a big new pressure ridge between it and the sea. But Nemesis awaited the expedition. The wind changed; a brief ten-line message in last Friday's *News-Chronicle*, whose cables are telling the whole story in fascinating detail, announced that "the south wind had swung into the N.E.," an ominous movement. Waves in the open bay were bumping the ship heavily against the shore ice. The 'plane was moved a mile in towards the Barrier cliff. On Saturday last the ice broke with a deafening roar. Great lanes a mile long appeared with that suddenness which Polar people know. The aeroplane was soon stranded on a small 20-yard cake of ice, and nearly sliding to kingdom come. But other pieces of floe forced her up and the rescue party, succeeded after six hours in dragging her on to a level keel. She was afloat, with a fractured skid, a notched wing, and a damaged aileron.

THE LINCOLN-ELLSWORTH 'PLANE IN WHICH THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL FLIGHT WAS TO BE MADE: The machine was strongly built both as to wings and fuselage, otherwise she would probably have been damaged beyond repair. Her length is 29 ft. and her wing-span 48 ft. One test flight was made in her and it was a pity she did not alight on the Barrier itself

A VISION OF BROKEN SEA-ICE: When the beautifully smooth surface of the ice, which ran for ten miles in each direction, broke up with a roar, it must have presented some such appearance as above

THE FOURTH AIR DISASTER WITHIN A MONTH: All that remained of the French air liner *Emeraude* after it had crashed in flames at Corbigny, 150 miles from Paris. Among the ten victims was M. Pasquier, Governor-General of Indo-China. The disaster comes as a serious blow to French aerial aspirations, as the *Emeraude* had broken several records and was considered one of the finest passenger 'planes in the world. The machine left Saigon, Indo-China, on January 5

THE WRECK OF THE "EMERAUDE"

France Loses Her Crack Air-Liner

SURVEYING THE WRECKAGE: The *Emeraude* left Lyons at 6.15 p.m. on Monday, and the pilot sent his last wireless message at 7.29, when he reported that he had run into a heavy snowstorm. The crash occurred a minute later, but it was impossible for would-be rescuers to approach the wreckage on account of the overpowering heat

AN AIR TRAGEDY IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Mr. Roland Hall, a wealthy retired business man of Shelsley Beauchamp, Worcestershire, and his son Roy Hall, aged sixteen, were killed while flying their 'plane near Cirencester. The machine suddenly burst into flames and nose-dived to the ground

RIDER AND WRITER: Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon who, although only twelve years old, has written and illustrated a successful book on horsemanship. She is a second cousin of the Duchess of York

A SOUTH KENSINGTON MONSTER: Men engaged in reconstructing a giant sperm whale in the Natural History Museum. The length of a full-grown whale of this type often reaches 60 ft.

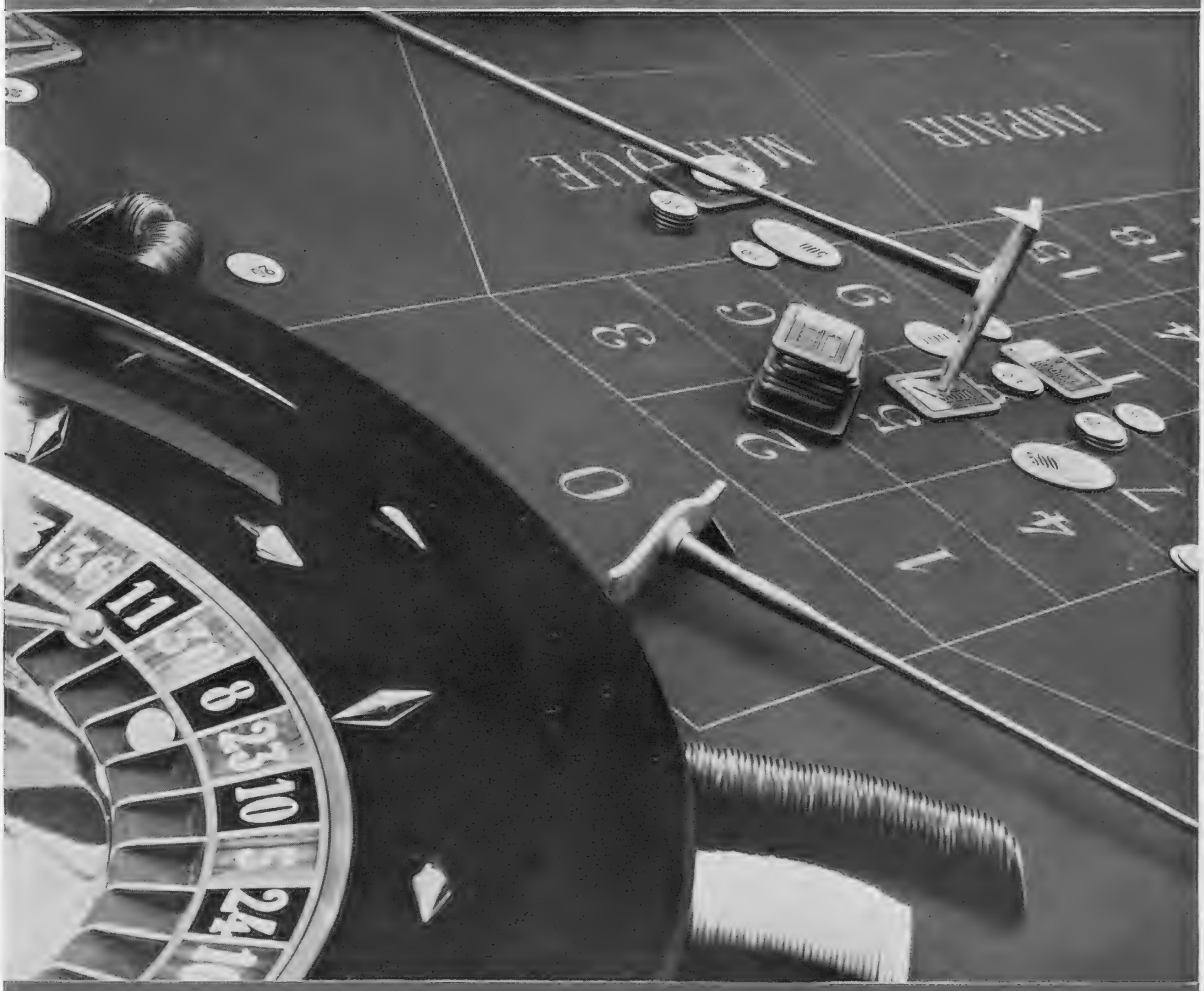
A TALE of TWO JUMPERS and a TAILORED COAT

From long-haired fabrics to long-haired wools is but a short step, and the opening chapter in the story of knitted clothes for the spring concerns jumpers and cardigans in plain-toned wool with soft white hairs lying on the surface. An attractive model of this description is seen above. Waist-length, with a military collar, and neat bone buttons fastening it down the front, it is knitted in nigger brown, bottle green, and royal or navy blue, and is made in England. This is a day of tailored woollies, and the excellent shape of this cardigan should be specially noted. It costs 35s. 9d. at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

Delicate flower colours and "off" tones play prominent roles. The woman who feels her best in something that is not too severe will appreciate the spun silk jumper immediately above. This is made in beige and subtle pastel shades, and has a flattering collar slightly draped at the base of the neck. The price is 42s. 9d. at Woolland Bros., or it may be obtained for 31s. 9d. in silk and wool

A classically tailored coat leaves one with little to say. Its cut is of paramount importance, and such detail as it has is, as a rule, not merely decorative. In the coat on the right, for instance, the inset panels shape it to the figure and give an impression of added height. It comes from Studd and Millington of 51, Conduit Street, W., where tweed coats are made to measure from 7½ guineas

MONTE CARLO



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BIG BUSINESSES OF TO-DAY (I)

(*Continued from p. 89*)

number, and pink flimsy attached. Thanks to the organization, all these goods had arrived by the chute from various parts of the enormous store and were there assembled for despatch within a few minutes of the client (who lived at Norwich) leaving the building. Another very interesting department was the receiving-room where the goods were arriving every minute from the manufacturers. The price tickets were being put on silk stockings, coat-hangers, books, corsets, golf bags, handkerchiefs, and gloves.

During our walk we covered nearly a quarter of a mile of underground passages. Yes, it is astonishing how little one realizes the army of employees whom one never sees. Here is a list of some of them: Analysts, architects, artists, bakers, bedding and mattress makers, biscuit-makers, bootmakers and repairers, bookbinders, boxmakers, builders, cabinet-makers, carpet-planners, charcutiers, chocolate-makers, coachbuilders, cocoa-grinders, coffee-roasters, confectioners, corset-makers, costume and mantle makers, cycle and car repairers, decorators, designers of furnishings, die-stampers, dispensers, dressing-bag makers, dressmakers, electricians, electroplaters, embroiderers, engravers, feather-workers, furriers, jewellers, laceworkers, livery-tailors, makers of lingerie, makers of military equipment, manufacturing chemists, manufacturing perfumers, men's shirtmakers, milliners, mineral water makers, opticians, piano repairers, posticheurs, printers, saddlers, sausage-makers, signwriters, silversmiths and gilders, silver repairers, skirt repairers, skirtmakers, spirit-blenders, tailors (juvenile), tailors (naval, military, and civil), tea-blenders, trunk-makers, umbrella-makers, upholsterers, watchmakers, waterproofers.

Despite the existence of one of the finest sports grounds in the country which requires the services of no fewer than eight gardeners and green keepers, and the existence of dramatic societies, operatic societies, and all the rest of it, hundreds of the employees do not know one another even by name. Much of this is unavoidable if only because of their numbers. Some of it is amusingly deliberate.

THE PYLON DANGER TO AVIATORS

(*Continued from p. 83*)

lights (neon lights have excellent fog penetrating qualities) and avoiding the danger.

With regard to the lighting of wireless masts it is impossible to achieve a really efficient light in fog. Not one wireless pylon up to date has a light that could be of any use in fog to a 'plane cruising at 100 m.p.h. On a clear night, yes; but how illuminate the masts in fog so that the 'plane has sufficient warning of their proximity in time to change course? The British Civil Aviation authorities have taken the lead in building a tower 35 ft. high with a 14 ft. neon tube sign for the huge Rugby station. On a clear night this will be visible for fifty miles, but is there any guarantee that a pilot will perceive a light only 50 ft. from the ground through 900 ft. of fog? It is stated that the glow from the 7,000 volts reddening the fog will warn the pilot. Let us hope so.

The whole question of efficient fog-lighting for wireless masts is unsatisfactory. Much more pertinent is Mr. C. G. Grey's suggestion for a form of radio transmission which would automatically warn all aeroplanes fitted with radio apparatus of a precise danger zone. This can be the only ultimate and economically effective preventive of a repetition of the Ruysselede tragedy.

A wave localized to the extent of two or three miles round the station and covering the range of aeroplanes' wireless should surely be within the powers of radio research. With it should come the compulsory measure for wireless on all aeroplanes. It is overdue. Lights in fog are for 5 m.p.h. ground traffic, not for 100 m.p.h. air traffic, where the slightest mischance of contact means death swift and terrible. Granville Conway

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Two excellent performances of *The Mikado* were given before enthusiastic audiences on January 9 and 10, at the Guildhall School of Music, by the boys of Fortescue House School, Twickenham, which is a branch of the above Society. Among the distinguished company present at the first performance were the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs. The Society are making a special appeal for donations towards the great work that they are carrying on in their various Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, where 1,100 poor children are always being maintained. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

SAN REMO

Drenched in sunshine and sheltered from the cold winds of the North, the **ITALIAN RIVIERA** stretches itself on each side of Genoa, from Ventimiglia to Spezia. Flowering gardens, dreaming villas, picturesque towns all along the picturesque coast. Practically every town and village is a winter resort with excellent hotel accommodation, all kinds of attractions, every facility for open-air sports and pastimes.

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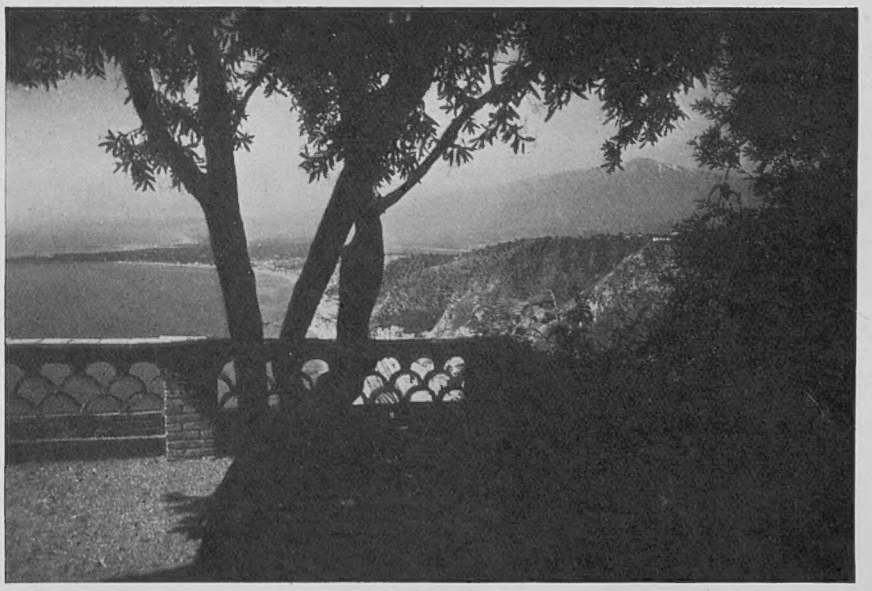
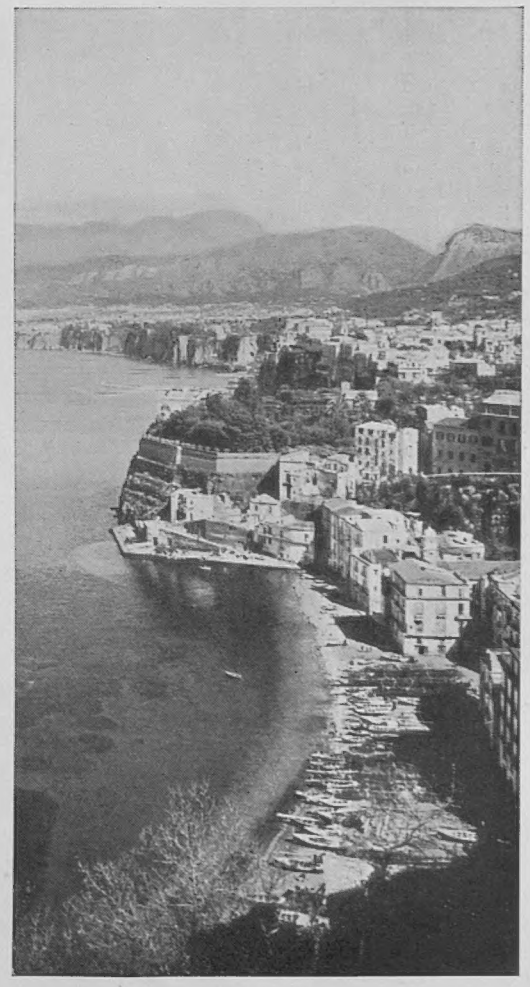


GARDEN IN TAORMINA

SICILY has been aptly named the island of the sun, and it offers an ideal ground for a winter sojourn. Palermo, Syracuse, Taormina, Agrigento are well-known names, but there are many more places of intense interest and extraordinary beauty.



SORRENTO

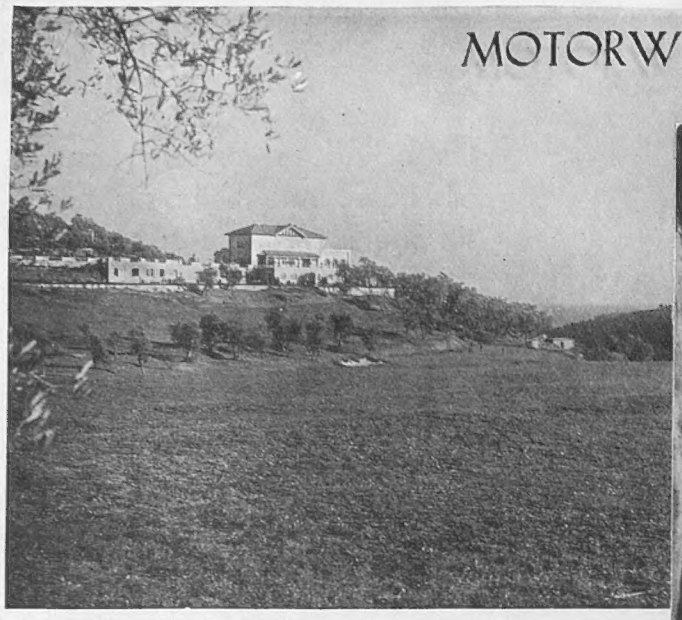
NAPLES with its wonderful bay studded with towns that have been winter resorts since ancient Roman times—Sorrento, Castellamare, Baja, and the islands of Capri and Ischia—is equally well-known as the Riviera. Pompeii and Herculaneum are added attractions, like the coast of the Salerno Gulf with Paestum, lovely Amalfi, and such delightful spots as Ravello, Maiori and Minori.

For information apply to:—

E. N. I. T., Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, and to all the Tourist Offices.

PUBBLICITA: BORGHI-MILANO

MOTORWAYS OF THE ITALIAN RIVIERA



THE COUNTY AND GOLF CLUB, SAN REMO: The golf course, which is less than two-and-a-half miles from the town, is one of the best on the Italian Riviera

THE VIA LUCA SPINOLA, SAN REMO: A picturesque alleyway in the old quarter of the town

THE CHURCH NEAR THE CAPO DI SANT' AMPEGLIO, BORDIGHERA: It is named after the patron saint of the town who came to this part of the coast from Egypt in the fifth century

The policy of the Italian Government in making Italy more attractive to the tourist is illustrated very strikingly in the matter of road transport. The greater part of the road system of Italy has now been reorganized, old roads have been brought up to date for the purpose of motor traffic, as far as possible, and new ones, mainly straight—with no level crossings and the widest possible curves, and with a uniform and solid paving, free from both dust and mud—have been constructed, enabling the motorist to travel at a high rate of speed with safety and comfort.

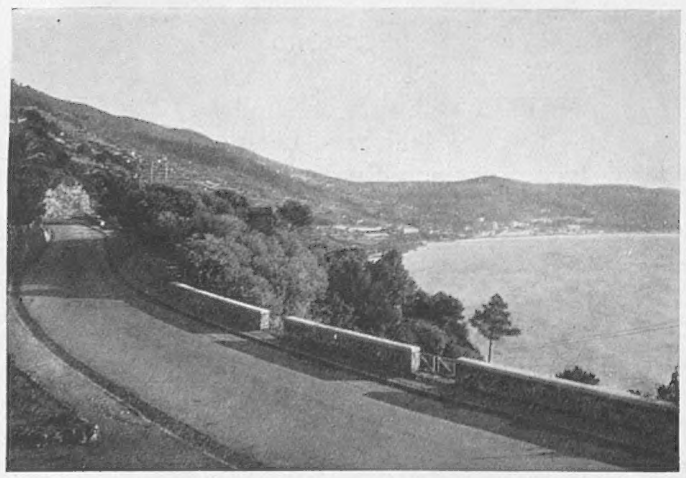
One of the most interesting of these modernized motorways of Italy is that which runs throughout the western Italian Riviera and links up Ventimiglia and Nice and Monte Carlo, on the one hand, with Genoa on the other. It passes through the well-known Riviera resorts of San Remo, a delightful combination of the old and the new, with luxurious hotels, magnificent villas, fine shady avenues, and quaint lanes and alleyways, some arched over and affording vivid contrasts in light and shade; Ospedaletti, charmingly situated, overlooking a wealth of gardens of flowers; and Bordighera, embowered in groves of palms and olive trees, and with, in the late winter and spring, a profusion of blossom.

The road, named most appropriately Via Aurelia, after the old pilgrim way which led along the coast of the Mediterranean to Rome, runs between Ospedaletti and Bordighera, near to the Capo di Sant' Ampeglio, a promontory, on the very edge of which stands a small church, whilst the slopes are covered with gardens and crowned with the picturesquely built houses of old Bordighera, and generally, throughout its entire length, it gives splendid views of the beautiful coastal scenery for which the Italian Riviera is famed, with occasional fascinating glimpses of the mountains inland.

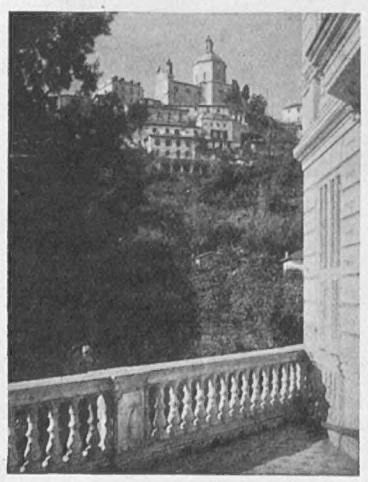
The Via Aurelia should prove a great acquisition to San Remo, Ospedaletti, and Bordighera, and to the other Riviera resorts along its route, for undoubtedly it will act as an incentive to the motoring tourist to spend some time in a centre situated so conveniently from his point of view, and with the additional assets of fine hotels, a casino, tennis and, at San Remo and Bordighera, golf. San Remo has, too, an extra attraction for motorists, in the guise of a motor road which leads inland winding its way around the hill-sides, with a glorious view of the distant Alps, until it reaches the highly picturesque village of Baiardo, clustering about the peak of a mountain some 3,000 feet above the level of the sea!

Edward E. Long,
C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE VILLAGE OF BAIARDO is easily reached by car from San Remo. It is beautifully situated some 2,950 ft. above the sea, and is regarded as one of the healthiest resorts in Northern Italy



THE VIA AURELIA: The magnificent new motor road linking many of the famous resorts on the Italian Riviera



MADONNA DELLA COSTA: The little domed church which stands above San Remo

THE NEW HIGHWAY: Another view of the Via Aurelia taken near San Remo. The road is excellently paved and is wide enough to allow fast motoring with safety

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private H.
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room H.
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private H.
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
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Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms H.
Bude	Falcon Hotel
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Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House H.
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Do.	Grosvenor Court H.
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Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do.	Lion Hotel
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Do.	York Hotel
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Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Do.	The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland	Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie	Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro H.
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T.	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private H.
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale H.
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private H
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House H.
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do.	Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston H. Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Herts. (Majorca).—In February you would enjoy a stay at Majorca. The 2nd class return fare from London to Majorca (which includes 1st class travel in Spain) is approximately £15 13s. 6d., travelling via Paris and Barcelona, from which latter place it is an over-night sailing to Majorca. You could break the journey at Toulouse, but this would necessitate spending a night in Paris also. After paying for accommodation and tipping porters, etc., we doubt whether this would work out much cheaper than taking a sleeper on the train, which costs £3 4s. 2d.

H., Herts. (Norway).—The west coast of Norway lies in the direct path of the Gulf Stream, and you would find late June and July an ideal time for a cruise to the fjords.

B., Yorks. (Winter Sports in Norway).—Regarding winter sports in Norway, you could not do better than purchase one of the £18 5s. all inclusive tickets from the Norwegian State Railways, 21 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. This sum provides for 1st class return passage on the *Venus*, from Newcastle, hotel, railways, and gratuities for a 13-days holiday, plus the advantages of independent travel.

M. de C., Jersey (Italy and Sicily).—The return 1st class fare from London to Rome, viâ Dover–Calais, is £16 16s. The tickets are valid for thirty days, and the intending visitor to Rome must hold a ticket for the Fascist Exhibition (this costs 25s.), which entitles one to varying reductions on many of the organized sight-seeing tours in and around Rome. We can recommend the Hotel Savoia, Via Ludovisi there, with *en pension* charges from 50 to 70 lire per day (November to May). In Sicily the Villa Igiea, situated by the sea outside Palermo, is a most delightful hotel, with charges from 95 to 130 lire per day. The return 1st class fare from London to Palermo is £23. The low costs for travel are due to the reductions in fares which are being made by the Italian State Railways.

N., Khartum (Athens).—There is a fortnightly service from Alexandria to Piraeus, by the Lloyd Triestino Line, with departures on Saturdays. The return 1st class fare is 780 lire, the single voyage taking two days. A good hotel in Athens is the Grande Bretagne, and you could obtain a guide book from "Elefthouroutakis," Place de la Constitution. The best time of the year to visit Athens is during February, March, and April, but if you are obliged to make your visit during the summer you would find the resort of Kephissia more pleasant than Athens, from which it is about thirty minutes by car. There are two good hotels at Kephissia, the Cecil and the Pendelikon.

Hints for Travellers

VILLARS.

Villars, delightfully situated, high up the Rhône valley, well over the 4,000 ft. level, sheltered from the north and east winds; and with charming views of parts of the Diablerets, the Grand and Petit Muveran, the Dents du Midi, and the northern peaks of the Mont Blanc group, is a most attractive winter sports centre. It has the great advantage of a magnificent hotel, the Villars Palace, with which the Grand Hotel Muveran and the Bellevue Hotel are associated, which is the centre for all such sports as skating, curling, and ice-hockey. The Villars toboggan run is probably the second finest in Switzerland, while at Bretaye, a height of 6,500 ft., and reached by funicular, the ski-er will find the best of sport, including a climb up the Chamossaire and a fine downhill run all the way to Villars. The novice can acquire a certain degree of proficiency on the nursery slopes close to the Villars Palace. Indoor amusements are naturally relegated to the background during the day, but after dinner, the ballroom, the theatre, the billiards-rooms, and, might we add, the bar of the Villars Palace are well patronized, so that visitors to Villars are assured of enjoying every minute of their stay there.

THE PASSION PLAY.

A most interesting handbook in connection with the forthcoming Passion Play at Oberammergau will shortly be issued by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd. It contains the dates of the performances, rates for accommodation in the village, and for seats in the theatre, a plan of the theatre, suggestions for sight-seeing in the environs, and other information of practical value. Details are also given of a number of tours which Messrs. Thos. Cook are organizing for the occasion, which include facilities for visiting such delightful regions as the Bavarian Highlands, the Rhine Valley, Tirol, the Dolomites, the Austrian Lake District, and Switzerland.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

It must be BOVRIL

-Mummy says so

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